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# Where Sudden Death Grows on Trees

BRITISH missionaries living deep in the green wilds of Argentina's Gran Chaco angle were suddenly interrupted at their noon meal the other day when a Matakó Indian runner burst into their camp.

"Come quick," the native gasped. "Chief's son eat ghost fruit. Dying now."

One of the diners reached for a black medical kit hanging from a peg. The bronze-skinned runner jogged out of the compound, the clergyman right behind him.

As the two raced away, the others went on with their meal. For over three years now the arrival of a runner from the nearby Matakó village—with a report that another member of the tribe had eaten the deadly berries of the sachasandia bush—had become an almost daily occurrence. Sometimes two and three such messengers would arrive in one day.

With the Indian leading the way over the maze of jungle paths, the two men soon reached a clearing, in the center of which was growing a great mass of the poison fruit.

They arrived just too late to save the chief's son, who sprawled on the ground, his face blue and distorted, and already dead. His wife, one of the prettiest girls in the village, was reaching for a clump of the berries. Quickly the man in the black suit pushed her away from the deadly bush.

"Why?" he demanded, "do you want to die?"

"I can't help it, Padre," the girl sobbed. "The ghost fruit—it calls me to death."

"Nonsense, child," retorted her rescuer as he helped the still trembling girl to her feet. "Don't you realize that the Matakos can't go on this way? Nearly half your tribe has committed suicide. Soon none will be left."

The girl, gently led to a nearby log, was quieter now. "But padre," she said, "you don't understand."

Then she tried to explain in her own words the strange power of the sachasandia bush, and how it beckoned, siren-like, to the natives to join in the feast of death.

"There is," she went on, "a ghost spirit of the plant that floats above the lush foliage, invisible to white

men but very real to Indians who, for any reason, are weary, sad or discouraged. 'Eat this fruit' it says and all your troubles and cares will melt away."

To the man of God, it was the

same old story, heard from the lips of the hundreds he had rescued. Ever since, thousands of hypnotized Gran Chaco natives had snuffed out their lives with the lethal stuff.

Had it not been for the valiant



The Missionary Arrived in the Nick of Time. The Young Wife of the Dead Indian Had a Far-Away Look in Her Eyes and Was Reaching for the Lethal Fruit.

## Britain's Real Bluebloods

AS a group of English cockney women discovered the other day, you don't have to be a member of high-faluting, top-drawer society to be a genuine, honest-to-goodness "blueblood."

These women, who are workers in a London floor polish factory, hurried off to see their doctors when they found that their lips were changing color.

The physicians were baffled at

first because medical tests showed that the women's blood was actually turning from red to a pale indigo.

A specialist in industrial diseases was consulted, and he soon discovered that a chemical used in the manufacturing process was responsible.

The proper treatment, however, soon restored their life fluid to its normal, healthy red and precautions were taken in the factory to prevent the spread of the "blueblood" malady among the other employees.

Blood discolorations are not unusual among wartime chemical workers, and can prove dangerous if not caught in time. Preventive methods are known in practically all cases.

work of this small band of British volunteers who have been waging a losing fight to keep the Matakos from committing race suicide, the tribe would have been wiped out long ago. As it is, over 40 per cent of the natives have killed themselves.

The sachasandia which the Indians take—and which causes a slow and agonizing death—grows in such profusion that it can't be exterminated by an army of men. One bite is enough to usher an aborigine out of this world and into the next.

Practically all the suicides are confined to the younger members of the tribe. The older Indians, although deploring the crazy practice of their race, say there is nothing they can do about it.

Since British clergymen began their strange battle to save the Matakos—by giving morphine and emetics for those who have taken the poison and through trying to tell others that the power of the sachasandia is nothing but a foolish superstition—the suicide rate has dropped. But it still greatly exceeds the birth rate. Unless the deluded Matakos snap out of it, their tribe soon will vanish from the earth.



The Policeman Had a Warm Spot in His Heart for Servicemen and Had Invited the Sailor Home for Dinner Before He Discovered That the Boy Was the Son He Hadn't Seen for 17 Years.

## Didn't Know His Own Son

WHEN Policeman Veri Fellows was making the rounds of his beat in Preston, Idaho, the other day, he came across a young sailor who was standing on a street corner. The youth looked bewildered.

"Can I help you?" the officer asked.

"No, I guess not," the glib replied. "I've got a few hours to kill before my bus comes along and I was only standing here wondering what to do."

"I'm just going off duty," the patrolman said. "Why don't you come over to my house? We can have a little snack of some kind."

The sailor grinned with pleasure. "Okay. That's swell of you," he said and stuck out his hand in introduction. "My name is Fellows."

"Well, what d'you know about that!" exclaimed the policeman. "My name is Fellows, too."

As the two walked toward the officer's house the sailor inquired:

"Wonder if you know anybody that I do?"

The cop then began telling the youth the story of his life, where he had lived, and the people he had known. He wasn't half-way through when the sailor interrupted him with the shout:

"Why, you're my father!"

Then the glib excitedly babbled out his story. The two checked and, sure enough, they discovered that they were father and son. They had not met in 17 years—not since Patrolman Fellows and his first wife separated.



*The Sun Never Sets On the Mighty Jeep*

## "JEEPS" . . ON THE ROAD TO ROME



"JEEP" FUTURES

Fire Marshall Dilly wants a "Jeep" (Willys Scout car) adapted to civilian use after the war. He says it will make a swell hose cart for the town fire department. People everywhere are thinking about the mighty "Jeep" in the post-war picture.



An American soldier fighting in Italy tells of the deeds of their Willys Scout car... says he wants a mighty "Jeep" after the war to use as a small tractor on the family truck farm in Indiana. And so it goes, on and on.



A rural delivery mail carrier says the Willys Scout car, adapted to civilian use, will be his meat because it will "carry the mail" anywhere, in any weather. Storekeepers, doctors, preachers, college kids—they're all looking Jeppward. Have you any "Jeep" ideas?

**I**N every seething battle area—in Russia, China, Burma and the South Pacific—in Egypt, North Africa and Sicily—the Willys Scout car has demonstrated its versatility and utility.

At this moment, with the heroic Fifth Army in Italy, as it has been all through the drive northward from the surprised beaches of Salerno on the road to Rome, the "Jeep" is everywhere in evidence.

In the face of treacherous, suicidal mountain roads, and abysmal Italian mud, it is exhibiting the same roaring power, blistering speed, astounding flexibility, dependability and fuel economy, that have endeared it to millions of rugged fighting men and to "the people" of the world.

Yes, this Willys Scout car is world-famous today as a great fighting unit... a definite factor in the making of an Allied Victory.

But, everywhere in the world, both fighting men and civilians envisage this versatile Willys motorized unit *after* the war, too. They see it on their farms—in their towns and cities—applying its amazing power, versatility, durability and fuel economy to the countless *power* and *transportation* needs of the busy post-war world.

And under its hood, insuring "Jeep" performance, there will be the same dependable fighting heart that has defied every challenge of the "billion-mile proving ground" of this global war... the amazing "Jeep" engine, created, designed and perfected by Willys-Overland Motors, Inc.

\* \* \*

*The power and stamina of the versatile Jeep will serve many needs in the years of reconstruction ahead.*



# WILLYS *Builds the* MIGHTY JEEP





As a Mother  
Sees Her  
Departed  
Baby in the  
Crystal Ball;  
Actually It's  
a Fingernail  
Photograph  
From the  
Medium's  
Finger.

#### No. 3—Racketeers Control Spooks

**T**HE spook racket, which preys so successfully on the credulous, is no hit-or-miss affair. The strings that permit it to operate and prosper are ingeniously pulled by the master racketeers who sponsor and control it.

This fact is too often overlooked by local authorities who think of seance impostors in terms of "parlor" mediums working their own individual graft games.

The point is also missed by scientists who invent devices to trap fake mediums, in failing to realize that mediums are kept liberally supplied by their bosses with all of the most up-to-date scientific apparatus.

Let's be perfectly frank about it. A multi-million dollar business—which is what the spook racket is nowadays—is not going to be allowed to stagger along in a disorganized state. The opportunity to make big money lures big operators. They stepped in, just as they stepped into the policy or numbers racket, the moment it promised a rich harvest.

And after imposing their own kind of order, after getting the wheels running smoothly, they end up by pocketing upward of fifty cents out of every dollar of profit.

Looked at from the "higher-ups" point of view, fake spiritualism furnishes a perfect field for exploitation. Nothing has to be paid for police protection, scientists don't have to be bribed to bootleg their gadgets to the trust. And the "higher-ups" are as invulnerable as the ghosts their organization deals in.

When a spook parlor is raided and its inner machinery exposed, the individual owner is naturally loath to squeal on the national outfit which permits him to practice his mummery-for-a-price.

For proof, just check the lists of mediums in the spiritualistic trade journals and note how many of them have temporarily retired. There's only one reason, and I happen to know it. The missing mediums are those tired of paying the "higher-ups" and are too wise to operate as individuals, which the public mistakenly supposes them to be.

The war itself, now being waged by sons, husbands and sweethearts, fighting on all fronts, furnishes a rich harvest for the trust.

Right now, individual mediums are being sold data about men in the service or persons bound on dangerous foreign missions. The casualty lists are regularly checked with an eye to future profit.

This practice isn't new, but many of the scientific devices with which the fakers are also being supplied ARE new.

Years ago, the scouts of the budding spook ring used to raid family albums and photograph their contents. As developing processes improved,



Wireless Short Wave Set by Which Dunninger Makes a Skull Speak, a Hand Write, a Bell Ring and Lights Go On and Off, All as Though Operated by an Invisible Spirit Force.

these portraits were reduced to fingernail size and crystal gazers were furnished with packets of them. All the "seer" had to do was dab one on his finger and plaster it on the crystal.

A gradual turn of the ball and the likeness of a mourned relative would appear, magnified to recognizable size. With a gullible client, a crystal seer could run off half the family album in sittings at five to ten dollars each.

Such chicanery was a crude forerunner of today's elaborate crystal-gazing seances, for the fakers who operate in this scientific age demand specialized service from the group that supplies them with their props.

**O**NLY recently I heard of a crystal gazer whose globe fairly teemed with visions.

Clients described faces of departed loved ones who had smiled and even spoken, though words could not be heard. The clarity of these living images varied according to the concentration of the individual sitter, declared the seer.

One customer who could really concentrate recognized a deceased aunt in a flower garden, which she had known in life.

When I arranged a seance with this medium I took along some of my assistants who waited in the ante-room, each one ready to investigate anything that seemed suspicious.

Since I was a new customer, he asked me what sorts of visions I preferred. I asked to see his favorite Indian guide, which was always Exhibit A for newcomers.

Parting a pair of magnificent red curtains, he

revealed a large crystal, set against a somber background in an alcove. I sat facing the crystal, while he gazed across my shoulder, as he explained, to help me concentrate.

I was sure one of his hands was pressing a hidden button in the wall behind the curtain. It was the signal for a vision which promptly came through, but not quite as he had expected.

Instead of the dim face of Leaping Deer, the Indian guide, who usually appeared for a new and "undeveloped" client, I was treated to a view of Mickey Mouse, in full color.

Before the astonished crystal gazer could close the curtains, I was clutching him and calling for my assistants who arrived, with one exception, to witness the comedy that had appeared in the ball.

My missing man had prowled around back of the alcove and found a hidden motion picture projector, which sent a black-light beam through the rear curtain into the specially treated crystal.

I had expected this from a description of the images which always moved, but varied from

# SEERS

An EXPOSE of the  
SPIRITUALISTIC RACKET  
by JOSEPH DUNNINGER,  
MASTER MENTALIST  
and READER OF  
THOUGHTS

black and white to colors, so I had brought along the eight millimeter Mickey Mouse cartoon film. In the back room we found a library of short motion picture films which the crystal faker admitted were acquired from movie photographers. Big prices had been paid for some of them.

From the spending standpoint, this swindler was a piker compared with "Professor Huxoldy," who claimed to be the official crystal seer of the Cliveden Set in London.

According to his story, he had left England when that group became unpopular. What he should have said was that Scotland Yard had chased him across the Atlantic to America before the war.

I had received confidential reports on Huxoldy and knew his real name, along with his many aliases. When I learned he was operating in a suburban mansion near New York, I called on him, after tipping off the local authorities.

The mansion was set well back from the road, among lawns and copses watered by a stream. Nothing, however, could be seen of its surroundings from the seance parlor, which was located in a turret room without windows.

The crystal ball was large and stood on a pedestal table. You could look into it from any angle and see wonderful things, as called for.

One man, the survivor of an automobile accident, had viewed the whole scene of a car swerving from a road. Another saw his grandfather and





# AND SUCKERS



**-CM-**  
In the Depths of the Crystal, as We Watched, Lovely Nymphs Began to Dance. Then Suddenly, to the "Professor's" Horror, Intruded the Burly Form of a Policeman. Later We Uncovered the Ingenious Periscope Arrangement That Piped the Scene to the Crystal From the Faker's Garden Below.

a preliminary one, and that the real, official one be held a week later.

During that week I found out that the gentleman began calling himself "professor" while exhibiting a flea circus in a dime museum. Science had devised scales so fine that even the weight of a flea would register, so the professor had simply bought a pair and had sealed his pets inside the glass case.

The fleas had been trained to start hopping as soon as the case was exhibited, and the light had not been strong enough to reveal them. As soon as the glass case was opened, the tiny stooges gathered on the professor as was their wont after a performance.

**T**HIS ingenious effort to trick scientists is no more daring than exploits of other impostors with alleged scientific claims.

Thanks to the mineral selenium, which conducts electricity when light is focused upon it, it is possible for professional mediums who own wireless short wave sets and tiny flashlights to perform miracles for their clients.

I have seen them place a skull on a table, and tell their followers that the skull will answer questions by clicking its teeth for Yes or No. At times, for variety, they use a wax hand terminating four or five inches above the wrist, to rap out replies, or, as proxy for themselves, a specially designed hand which can write.

The wireless set also can operate the chime of an astral bell or turn off light silently and suddenly for the benefit of credulous clients.

Needless to say, I find it simple to buy and use these scientific tricks, which the mediums use, and produce for any investigating committee the same effects they do.

I can also make and break an electric circuit to the selective devices controlling weird objects, simply by throwing the rays of a flashlight on the selenium cell.

In Mr. Dunninger's next article he will describe the strange visitors from Mars, who are now invading earthly seances, and explain the mysterious machines devised to open up spirit communication and travel to the red planet.

the windows that ran all around the room just below the turret room where seances were held.

The faker had a cellar full of old movie props and enough costumes, elaborate and flimsy, to re-enact almost any scene, from the Garden of Eden on up to the present.

How mediums can make hay at the expense of science was illustrated to perfection by another "professor" who tried for the \$10,000 award offered for any genuine psychic phenomenon that I cannot explain or duplicate. This faker claimed to have developed a long-sought and apparently impossible device.

For years scientists had been testing apparatus designed to weigh the "soul substance." Living creatures, from rats to grasshoppers, were sealed in jars, set on scales, and watched until they died, to learn if, after death, a loss of weight would register. Such a loss would supposedly prove that "something" invisible, yet actual, had departed from the body with the creature's life.

The "professor" appeared with a glass case, hermetically sealed and containing a pair of delicate scales. He stated that he would cause a spirit to enter his receptacle, and prove its presence by making the balance move.

As we watched, the thing began to happen. The scales registered, in erratic fashion, it was true, but nonetheless positively.

Every precaution to keep the balance free from all possible outside influences had been taken, and it remained only to open the case and examine the apparatus itself, which the attending scientists did.

Those scales convinced them. They would have paid over the full award at once, if the question had been left to them. But I was more interested in the professor, on the principle that one good way to spot a fake is to check on the faker. So, I suggested that this test be classed as only

grandmother strolling down a lane in the costumes of their youth. Another beheld a childhood friend idling in a canoe beside a stream bank.

All I had asked for was a view of the "Summerland" where the happy spirits dwell, since I had heard that the professor could provide it. Soon the crystal cleared, revealing a group of lovely young dancing ladies, each clad only in the flimsiest draperies.

The climax fulfilled my hopes. It was provided by a squad of local police who suddenly arrived among the astonished dancers and caught them by their diaphanous garments as they scattered over the grounds.

**W**E WENT down to the garden to witness the round-up, and we also looked behind the hedges, where we found the car which had so impressed the man who had been in the accident; the memory-evoking canoe still floated serenely in the stream.

But what appealed to me most was the elaborate apparatus that had produced these illusions.

It was a periscope, its mirrors set beneath a tube that ran down from the huge crystal through the hollow leg of the pedestal table. It was geared to focus from nearly any angle through

# The Gould Jinx Never Sleeps



The "Palais" at Nice, Part of a Gamble That Cost Frank Gould \$20,000,000.

**T**HE celebrated Gould Jinx is like a restless volcano that may seem at times to be quite dormant, but never really sleeps—any moment it's liable to flare into violent activity.

Only last summer it apparently took the life of one of the clan's most charming members. And the other day, Frank Jay Gould, the youngest son of the founder of this ill-fated dynasty of great wealth, was reported missing in Southern France—presumably dead—with the old family curse still hovering ominously in the background.

On top of that, it's just been announced that Frank Miller Gould, nephew of the missing Frank Jay Gould, was recently divorced in Reno.

Probably the most greedy and ruthless of all America's empire builders, old Jay Gould, founder of the family, has often been blamed for starting the jinx that repeatedly had been bringing unhappiness, disaster and tragedy down on his descendants.

Many superstitious persons believe it's all a result of the mass hatred engendered by the old stock market manipulator—and the curses heaped upon him by his victims.

At any rate, it is a fact that his stock market manipulations ruined thousands, caused untold suicides and finally precipitated the Black Friday panic of 1869.

So maybe the accumulation of ill-will has been inherited, along with the tainted millions that gave it birth. However that may be, it does seem that some dark angel of destiny has been keeping a sinister eye on the Goulds for three generations.

Frank Jay Gould, one of the latest to feel the curse, never had much luck with money. He attempted to found a string of gambling casinos



The Latest Victim of the Family Jinx Is Reported to Have Been Tortured by the Nazis in an Attempt to Force Him to Sign Over Part of the Gould Millions.



Frank Jay Gould, Richest Member of the Ill-Fated Dynasty.

old Jay. Taking a solitary noon-hour plunge at the luxurious Baker ranch near Phoenix, Ariz., she slipped on some wet leaves and struck her head on the concrete rim as she fell into the swimming pool.

Gloria's cousin, Edwin Gould, Jr., accidentally shot and killed himself on a hunting trip. The Duchess de Talleyrand's son, Prince de Sagan, purposely shot and killed himself because his parents wouldn't let him marry a much older woman. Gloria's sister, Lady Edith Gould Macneil, drank herself to death and Gloria's aunt, Mrs. Harold Strotz, former wife of the late Jay Gould, Jr., took her life because of matrimonial difficulties.

There have been any number of other Gould tragedies. Unhappiness in marriage accounted for most. Edith Kingdon Gould, actress wife of George Jay, eldest son of the founder of the fortune, bore her husband four daughters and three sons, and knew all the time that he was maintaining a rival in another home, in which there were three other children.

Anne Gould, daughter of Mrs. Strotz, successively married and divorced an actor and a cowboy.

The most recent work of the jinx along the matrimonial line was evident when Florence Bacon Gould won a divorce in Reno from Frank Miller Gould, son of the late Edwin Gould.

As is customary in Reno divorces when the charge is merely mental cruelty, the testimony was taken behind closed doors and the records were sealed. Friends said, however, that Florence told the court her husband had lost all affection for her, that they took separate vacations and outings, and that they had been virtually separated for two years before she finally went to Reno.

The jinx had wasted no time with this romance, because Frank's family had failed to attend the wedding. There was a report that their reluctance was due to newspaper stories that Frank met Florence when he bought a glass of lemonade from her. Some said that the transaction occurred at a roadside stand, which would seem to put Florence's social status on a plane somewhat lower than current Goulds. Others maintained that the lemonade was dispensed at a charity bazaar, which was much more likely, in view of the fact that her Texas family was wealthy and socially prominent.

At the end of their 20 years of married life, one thing seemed certain—it was pretty sour lemonade.

Frank was living at his villa La Viege in Juan les Pins, France, when the Germans swept into the unoccupied French territory and engulfed him and his third wife, the former Florence Lacaze, in an ocean of terror. What has happened to them since may not be known until the war is over. The entire section around La Viege was evacuated more than a year ago when the Nazis leveled coast buildings as an anti-invasion move.

One can always blame the jinx for Frank's failure to return to America before the invasion when his sister, Anna, the Duchess de Talleyrand, decided to give up being an expatriate. There was no particular reason for his staying, except his fondness for La Viege "because one servant can run it and there is no guest-room." If he wanted seclusion, he easily could have kept guests away from the Gould estate near Rye, N. Y.

But he stayed, and the last word received from him was a brief message through the Red Cross more than a year ago. When the exchange liner Gripsholm brought in the last load of interned refugees, it also brought reports that Gould had been tortured by the Germans in an attempt to force him to sign over part of his vast wealth.

At the Gould office in New York City it was said that "he might be presumed to be dead," although hope was expressed that he may not only have escaped torture but internment by the Nazis as well.

"Mr. Gould was 66," a spokesman said, "and the Nazis usually do not intern anyone over 65."

Good swimmers don't usually drown in small pools, either, but that's what happened last summer to Mrs. Gloria Gould Baker, a granddaughter of



Florence Gould, Frank's Third Wife, Also Reported Missing. In't Photo.

in France, including the "Palais" at Nice, and lost some \$20,000,000. His first two marriages ended in divorce—his first wife being Helen Kelly, a New York society girl, and his second a London actress, Edith Kelly (no relation to the first).



**MOM'S**  
**Furlough**  
**Fixin's**  
**MAKE A HIT**  
**WITH BILL!**



**BILL'S HOME**, got in yesterday, thanks to all you folks who stayed put so the boys could travel in your place! Now Mom discusses plans for supper, things Bill especially likes, of course. How about the chocolate cake she always made for birthdays, and some of those good Swift's Premium cold cuts? "Sounds swell!" says Bill.



**SALAD MAKINGS** are picked in the Victory Garden after Bill's gone to see friends. The Browns get top production for they know *planting* is only half the job, have kept the garden well weeded and watered. Mom gathers lettuce, onions, and carrots. Her clever Carrot Flowers will glamorize the cold meats platter.



**A "PARTY STYLE" MEAL** for Bill! Mom arranges delicious Swift's Premium Table-Ready Meats around gay Carrot Flowers. To make them: cut paper-thin slices of carrot in 3-inch lengths; form 6 or 8 strips into flower shape; fasten in center with toothpick; float in ice water to curl "petals". Serve with ripe olives as centers.



**MARY BREAKS HER NEWS** at supper. Starting next week, she's a WAC! Bill's last letter decided her—"They sent some WACs up the other day. Didn't realize what help they'd be; wish we had more!" Bill's pleased, Dad's proud. Is there a tear in Mother's eye? Mary's only 20. But several friends are enlisting with her.



**UP GOES A CHEER** for this beautiful platter of Swift's Premium Table-Ready Meats! Flavorful Bologna and Braunschweiger, zesty Salami, mild New England Specialty, make a grand combination. (Thrifty, too, and you can buy just what's needed.) The fine meats, so deliciously seasoned, disappear like magic!



Look for this label Table-Ready Meats provide the same finest-type proteins, B vitamins and minerals, as the good meat cuts from which they are made. In buying, look for the label Swift's Premium to get highest quality.

# Swift's Premium Table-Ready Meats







Pottery Pots, Utensils and Storage Jars Discovered at the Great Dickson's Mound, Near Lewistown, Illinois.



1000-Foot Great Snake Mound in Adams County, Ohio, Perhaps a Religious Symbol or Record of Some Ancient Eclipse of the Sun.



# ENIGMA OF THE POOR MAN'S PYRAMIDS

By DR. HAROLD O. WHITTALL  
Professor of Geology,  
Colgate University

**S**TILL an enigma to science is America's vanished race, The Mound Builders, creators of America's "Poor Man's Pyramids." These mysterious people who once ruled over half of the United States created great earthen cemeteries and honored their dead by sending them to their happy hunting ground with the prized possessions of their life on earth.

Like the Egyptians before them, the Mound Builders erected their great edifices, at the price of almost super-human labor, to see their ancestors into the next world.

But unlike Egypt's pyramids, which were reserved for the Pharaohs, the rich and the powerful, the poor man's pyramids of the Mound Builders were available to everybody. Thus in America, back in the year 800 A. D., democracy was at work even in death.

No member of the tribe was ever too lowly to warrant the careful burial which the Mound Builders gave to their dead. And every little treasure of the dead man's life went into his grave with him. Peoples who practiced this democracy after death probably practiced it, too, in life, so that America can truly be said to be the home of the common man and the pioneer democracy of all the world.

Where the Mound Builders came from, and why they vanished so suddenly from the American scene, is still a mystery. But any race that could honor all their dead so carefully and completely certainly must have reached a pinnacle of religion that their descendants never knew.

One of the strangest of all mysteries about the Mound Builders is the complete lack of knowledge, by later Indians, of their existence. No American tribe at the time of the White Man's coming used the much-advanced culture of the Mound Builders. And no tribe had even a misty legend about these former peoples who once made man-made hills and held sway over much of America east of the Rocky Mountains.

The Mound Builders quickly learned the wis-

dom of tilling the soil and storing their grain and foods in earthen jars. They thus settled down and developed a stable culture instead of roaming about North America as a nomadic hunter people like the Indians which the White Man, centuries later, discovered living on our shores.

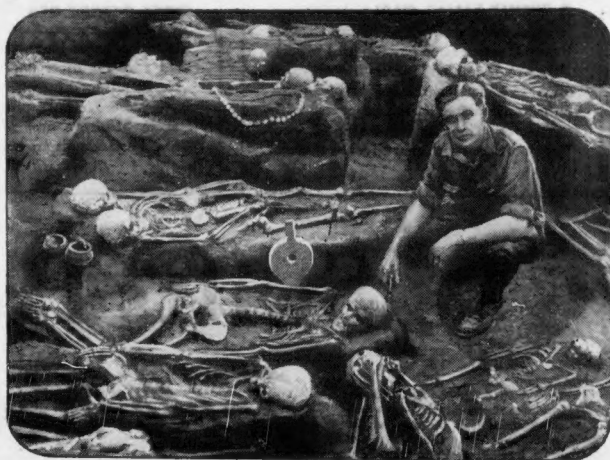
Because the Mound Builders erected this stable agricultural economy, they prospered and reached their peak of progress—their golden age—in just those years when Europe was having its Dark Ages of ignorance and superstition, from the fall of the Roman Empire to the revival of learning that finally came with the Renaissance.

Life among the Mound Builders was not a life of ever-constant fear of where tomorrow's meals would come from, as it was with the tribes the White Man found after the coming of Columbus.

The Mound Builder's dinner of tomorrow—and for many tomorrows ahead—was stored neatly in earthen jars.

With this fear of the next meal removed, the Mound Builders had the leisure to stop and think about life now...and the life hereafter. As thinking people so often do, they became

**Extreme Care Is Used to Unearth Skeletons of a Husband and Wife, Buried Side by Side at Dickson's Mound.**

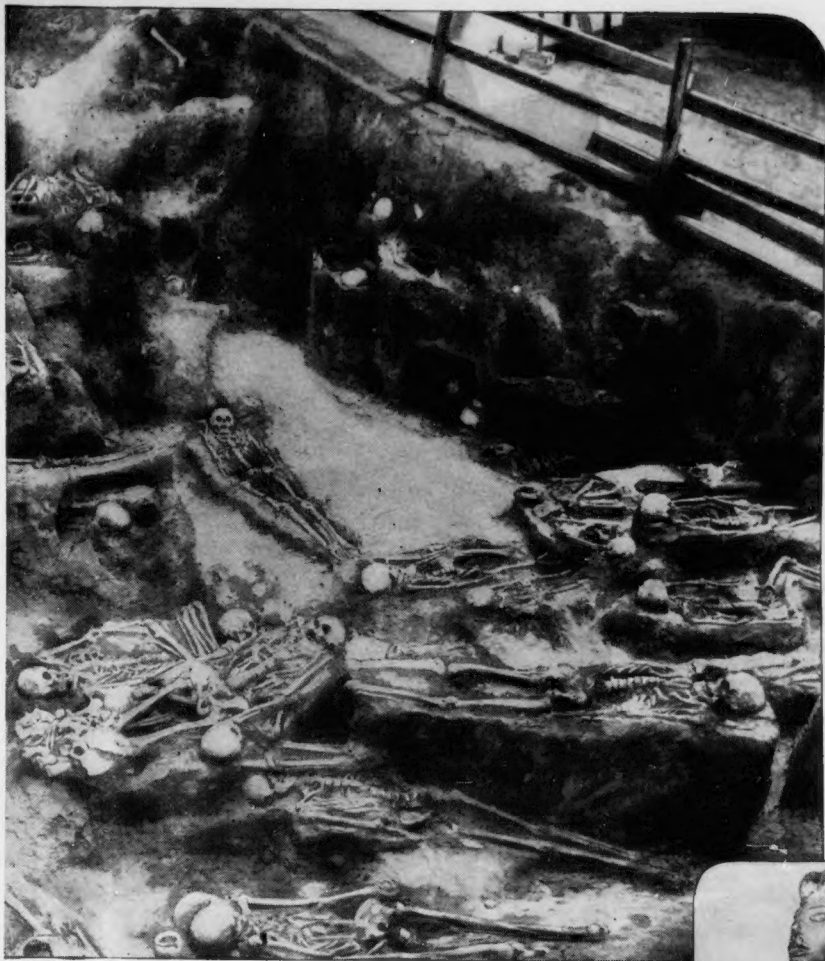


convinced that there was life in a future world.

Around this concept they created a beautiful religion in which the dead were tenderly cared for, carefully buried, and provided for that future life, with food and drink, and personal adornment...with jewelry, good luck charms and the hundred-and-one other little things in life which are so important to just average, democratic peoples.

It is a good thing for modern Americans and our knowledge of the past that this is so. Only because the Mound Builders took care of their dead, erected great mounds to preserve their bodies, and used them as storehouses of their culture does modern science have any knowledge of these fabulous peoples of America's past.

In their way and in their skills the Mound



The "Skyscraper" Method of Burial Employed by the Mysterious Builders of Dickson's Mound. Year After Year as One Level Became Crowded, Earth Was Hauled In and Another Layer Begun So That Rich and Poor Alike Could Be Laid to Rest Along With their Personal Possessions and a Supply of Food.

Builders did virtually everything that the Egyptians did with their pyramids. At least, they had the essentials of the idea.

Scientists have never been able to solve the riddle of how the whole culture of the Mound Builders vanished—along with the race—when the latter-day Indians of Columbus' time ruled North America. The best bet is, perhaps, that the cruel 1492 Indians were mere barbarians who had massacred the peace-loving Mound Builders. And, as barbarians so often do, destroyed ruthlessly the wondrous cultures that had been developed by the now lost race.

But whatever it was, all prior knowledge of the Mound Builders was obscured until the pioneers rode their horses and drew their Conestoga wagons over the eastern mountain ranges into the fertile fields of the Midwest—to Ohio, Illinois and Indiana.

There, scattered about the flat countryside, the pioneers found occasional rolling hills. Like man eternal they set their homes upon those hills.

When they began to plow those mounds there came to light skeletons, pottery, copper breast plates, copper helmets crested with deer antlers, strings of fresh water pearls, and all the other artifacts that revealed a long past civilization which no one ever knew.

As always when knowledge is lacking,

Equipment of This Figure, Intricately Carved on Shell Found in a Mound, Puzzles Scientists.



rumors, speculation and fantasy run rampant.

The Mound Builders, for so they were named, were the descendants of Anak—the Giant of Biblical fame.

The Mound Builders had two sets of teeth in their mouths.

The Mound Builders were Egyptians who had long ago crossed the Atlantic in some never-explained way and raised their culture in America.

The Mound Builders were a race of idolaters who had been destroyed in the great Flood of the Bible on which Noah successfully sailed the Ark.

All these things and more were the vanished race of people who had erected the great American mounds.

So said speculation.

Modern discovery has shown that these earlier fantastic ideas about who and what were the Mound Builders were unfounded, and reveal these great peoples as the ancestors of the tribes that were here when the first White Man came.

And the great mounds, at first thought to be very ancient—some were dated as far back as 150,000 B.C.—were shown by tree ring analysis to have been erected in the tenth, eleventh and twelfth centuries, from 900 to 1100 A. D. Indeed, in a few cases, the discovery of distinctly European artifacts in some mounds lends more than a suspicion that Mound Builders may have existed until the White Man came.

Why the Mound Builders and all their fine culture vanished is one of the biggest unsolved mysteries yet remaining about these peoples. That they were conquered by more primitive Indians is one suggestion. But any race that conquers another keeps alive the glories of its conquests in its literature, at least in its legends passed down by word of mouth.

But the White Man's Indians had no such legends.

It is more plausible that the Mound Builders



Water Jugs and Porridge Bowls Used by the Mound Builders.

## Science Still Working On the Riddle of Where They Came From, Who They Were, Where They Went—And Why America's Vanished Mound Builders Made a Place for Everybody in Their "Skyscraper Cemeteries"

fell victims of contagious or infectious disease.

There is no common pattern to the mounds of the Mound Builders. They varied in style and in purpose, too.

Some were built so that the vanity of a great man of the tribe could be satisfied by having his house upon a hill where all might see. Other mounds seemed to have served as community islands of refuge in times of floods, which then as now swept the Mississippi and its tributaries.

Still other mounds were probably fortifications, and others, in the shape of gigantic animals, were probably some tribal animal totem. But all the mounds, whatever other purpose they might have served, were the burial grounds of the rich and poor alike—true poor man's pyramids.

The labor of creating some of the mounds is staggering to contemplate. The great Cahokia mound, often called Monk's Mound, near East St. Louis, is the largest earthen structure in the whole United States, even today. It measures 1,080 feet one way, 700 feet the other, and has an average height of 100 feet.

The base of the mound measures 13½ acres, greater than the base of the gigantic Pyramid of Cheops in Egypt. Many years must have been needed to do this job.

Probably the mounds were erected by stages, being built to a certain height, and added to only later. This is truly the case with burial mounds. When the original layers became so crowded that no more bodies could be buried there, the Mound Builders hauled in more earth, raised the mound to its new height, and started burials on the second floor, as it were.

In this way—as in the great Dickson mound in Illinois—a whole skyscraper cemetery came into being. When excavated by modern methods, as shown in pictures on this page, the skyscraper effect is striking.

To the Mound Builders' belief in immortality we owe our knowledge of what this vanished race was like.

Love of personal adornment was a dominating passion.

Wives of the chiefs prized strings of pearls from fresh water oysters and other bivalves.

Still another mystery of the Mound Builders is the meaning of the symbolism which they worked into many of their mounds. Great Snake Mound, atop a rocky promontory in Adams County, Ohio, is in the form of a serpent that extends 1254 feet from its opened jaws to the tip of its tail. The snake is swallowing a gigantic "egg" that is 120 feet long and 60 feet across. In the center of this oval can still be found the remains of a sacrificial altar.

It has been suggested that the serpent swallowing the egg is the pictorial concept of primitive races for an eclipse of the sun.

One of the most famous of all mounds, and one of the most fruitful for science because of the treasures it has disclosed, is Dickson Mound, on a high bank overlooking the valley of the Illinois and Spoon Rivers.

Over 183 skeletons have now been recovered and preserved there, yet the surface of the great treasure has only been scratched.

Where did they come from? Where did they go? No one yet knows.



Terra Cotta Figurine From an Ohio Altar Mound. (The Turner Group).

# Why Maria Montez wears Woodbury Sun Peach

- ✓ gives rose-gold radiance
- ✓ brings blossom freshness
- ✓ adds exciting smoothness

Girls! Luscious Sun Peach glorifies sun-kissed skin of every type... For darker summer beauty, try exotic Tropic Tan... Hollywood helped create all Woodbury shades. Blended by Color Control, they never turn yellow but give fresh, flawless allure hour after hour. Choose your glamorizing Woodbury shade today.



## Woodbury COLOR CONTROLLED Powder

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP!... Now with your big \$1 box of Woodbury Powder, you also get your just-right glamour shades of matching lipstick and rouge—at no extra cost!... All 3 for \$1.

ALSO BOXES OF WOODBURY POWDER 50¢, 25¢, 10¢



Maria Montez  
co-starring in  
The Universal Technicolor  
Production  
"GYPSY WILDCAT"

### FOLLOW THE STARS... TO ROMANTIC NEW BEAUTY!

Elyse Knox  
featured in Monogram's  
"A WAVE, A WAC AND  
A MARINE"  
A Billmore Production



## "this One Complete Cream is all I need!"

... says Elyse Knox

Film stars have only seconds for skin care these war days. "But seconds are enough", says lovely Elyse Knox. "Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream does everything for skin beauty!"

This satiny cream is all you need. It cleanses thoroughly... perfect for bedtime and daytime clean-ups. Softens, smooths. Holds powder. As a night cream, helps coax away tiny dry-skin lines. Contains the exclusive ingredient, Stericin, working constantly right in the jar, to purify the cream, helping protect against blemish-causing germs. Take this star-way to luscious skin! 10¢ to \$1.25.

**SPECIAL CREAMS FOR PROBLEM SKINS.** If your skin is normal or dry, Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream is all you need. If EXTRA DRY, use Woodbury Special Dry Skin Cream. If OILY, use Woodbury Oily Skin Cleansing Cream. For ANY SKIN, use Woodbury Creampuff Powder Base—to give your make-up extra-smooth, long-lasting glamour.

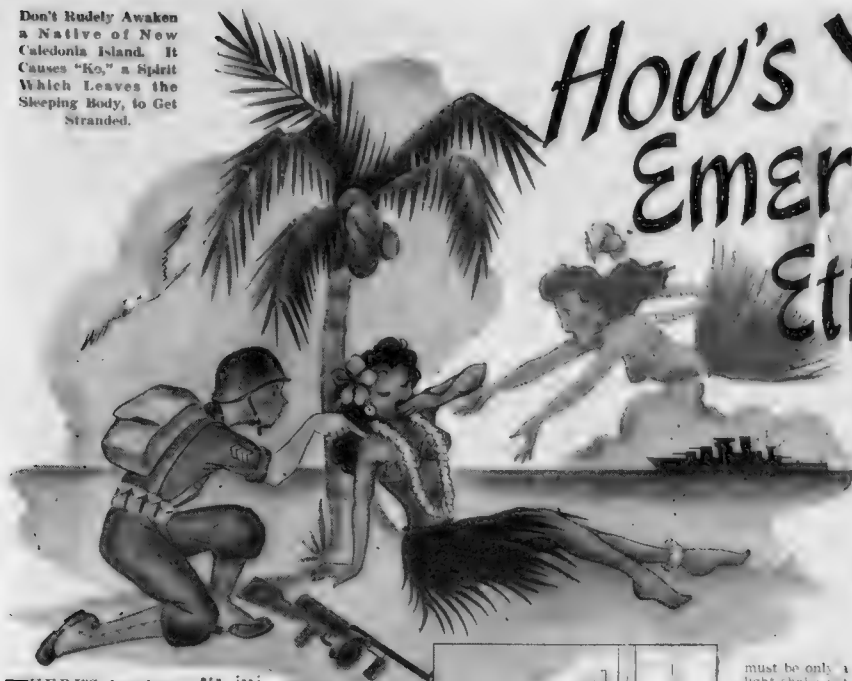


# Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream

FORMERLY CALLED COLD CREAM CLEANSES AS THOROUGHLY AS FINEST COLD CREAM—DOES SO MUCH MORE BESIDES!



Don't Rudely Awaken  
a Native of New  
Caledonia Island. It  
Causes "Ko," a Spirit  
Which Leaves the  
Sleeping Body, to Get  
Stranded.



# How's YOUR Emergency Etiquette?

Helpful Hints on Good,  
If Often Cock-eyed, Be-  
havior in Wartime, Gath-  
ered by Experts From All  
Over the World

**T**HERE'S brand-new etiquette the world around today—for the duration. The war has changed the rules at home—because of crowded conditions, emergency restrictions and the faster pace; and abroad—because of the necessity of distant cousins to conform to local customs, and vice versa.

To fit the needs to the times, government agencies, welfare organizations and military commandants have become social arbiters. Here are some of the new regulations:

The British YWCA issued a booklet of rules for girls, admonishing:

Never wear slacks if you go out to tea with your grandmother.

Be a good guest: Take your own soap and hot water bottle. Only dire distress will make anyone lend you the latter.

Sitting on the boy friend's knee in public is not considered good manners.

How to get invited again: bring your shoe polish along, it's hard to get; shine your own shoes and then offer to clean those of your hostess.

To be a perfect hostess at a cafeteria meal, do not leave your table in a mess. Don't help yourself so lavishly that there is none left for others. Greed or gluttony is one of the Seven Deadly Sins.

The British Navy, Army, Air Force Institute has issued a pamphlet explaining American manners:

Try not to appear shocked at some of their expressions. Many of these may sound remarkably like swearing to you, but actually, they are words of everyday use in America.

When the Americans ask for a "hot dog," they mean "fried sausages in split rolls." And when they ask for "hamburgers," they mean "savory rissoles in split rolls or between slices of bread."

A New York hotel requested guests to stop taking off their hats in elevators. The men, eager to be

polite, aggravate the crowded situation in elevators by holding their hats on their chests, on their sides, or over their shoulders.

Nature worked this one: Englishmen kiss with heads tilted to the right, foreheads at 2 o'clock and chins at 8. With Americans, it's vice versa. To avoid collisions, the English girls change their style, meaning that American boys are leaving a lot of kisses in England.



House-guests Must Shine Their Own Shoes and Offer to Polish Their Hostess', Too, Say the English Emily Posts.

A new brochure may be expected soon on necking because the American Red Cross in London recently received a letter asking a definition so that "the game is fully understood by English girls." The woman writer added: "I am trying to find out how this apparently popular game is played and what rules are considered standard."

Our government has issued many instructions on how to behave abroad. The old American custom of backslapping is taboo in most countries, especially throughout China.

A Chinaman doesn't want to be touched by anybody, and he doesn't even shake hands. A polite bow is a greeting friendly enough for him.

Nor does a Moslem like to be touched or poked in the ribs, either for fun or for friendship's sake. He likes to shake hands, though. But it

must be only a light shake—not a squeeze. He doesn't care for your amiability to hurt him physically.

You may find a knife in your back, should you spit while passing a mosque, the Moslem church.

The Arabs eat their kuskus, a fluffy grain dish, with the fingers of their right hand. You must never use your left hand.

Never eat your bowl clean. Leave some kuskus in it. The women and children of the house eat whatever is left.

You must accept three cups of coffee in an Arab house, but never touch the fourth.

You must never talk to a Moslem



Don't Whistle at a Moslem Babe. It's an Insult You May Not Live to Regret.



*Illustration is a 1/2" scale enlargement of this picture taken from a photograph of the U.S.S. Holland, the first submarine built by the Electric Boat Company, 1900. For Lithograph 11 to Electric Boat Co., 33 Pine St., New York, N. Y., enclosing 10c for postage and return.*

# Up from the Sea in Subs



## The Navy's First Submarine!

On April 18, 1900, when the Navy formally purchased the U.S.S. Holland, our great submarine was born. Ever since, submarines have played a vital part in our naval preparedness, defense and offense.

This pioneer submersible was as different from today's big undersea craft as the first flying machine differed from a modern heavy bomber. Only 34 feet long, with a displacement of 70 tons submerged, the Holland was driven on the surface by a 50 horsepower gasoline engine, under water by crude electric motors. She was built by the Holland Torpedo Boat Company which later became the Electric Boat Company, America's largest builder of submarines.

In the cold stillness of dawn a huge shape rises dripping from the windswept sea. Suddenly it swarms with swiftly moving figures. Silently small rubber boats are launched. Men jump into them and paddle hard toward shore. The first pale light of day reveals the sturdy arms and shoulders, the tough, determined faces of U. S. Marines — about to give the Japs another rude surprise.

Thus began the first assault on Makin Island in the Pacific. The famous "Gung Ho" marine raiders landed from U. S. submarines, caught the Japs flat footed, destroyed vital Jap installations and wiped out the garrison to the last man. While the battle raged, the submarines sank two Jap ships bringing reinforcements and supplies.

U. S. submarines and their

crews have always played a big part in our Pacific operations. In the early days when we were fighting a holding war against the Japs, our submarines continually struck at enemy communications and slowed down their advance. And now in our island offensives America's fast-growing submarine service is crippling enemy shipping—choking off men and supplies—depriving the Japs of sorely needed cargo ships and transports.

U. S. submarines are economical to build and operate. They're paying tremendous dividends in enemy damage and destruction. At the Electric Boat Company we're turning out a steady stream of big, powerful and deadly efficient undersea craft for the Navy's submarine service — vanguard of our march on Tokyo!



## ELECTRIC BOAT COMPANY

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KEEP BUYING WAR BONDS

Electric Motors  
ELECTRO DYNAMIC WORKS  
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NEW LONDON SHIP AND ENGINE WORKS  
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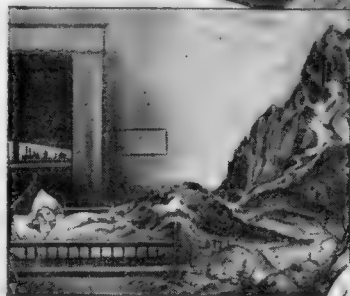
Motor Torpedo Boats  
ELCO NAVAL DIVISION  
Bayonne, N. J.

# DROWSY? Maybe You're Scared



The Narcoleptic Who Falls Asleep in Church May Be Afraid of His Wife, Government Regulations Or the Wrath of God. In Olden Times, the Drowsy Were Kept Awake by a Poke From the Churchwarden's Stile.

**If You Keep Popping Off to Sleep Just When You Shouldn't, Science May Find Your Trouble Is Narcolepsy, Born of Fear**



**Sleeping When You Shouldn't Is Akin to Dreaming—a Desire to Escape From Reality Into Wish Fulfillment.**

By GORIND BEHAMI LAL

Noted Science Analyst

"I WAS so frightened that I went right to sleep."

This may sound like one of Bob Hope's bombastic gags, but to psychiatrists it is as reasonable as explaining that one could not stand because of a broken leg—and not a bit farther. These experts of the mind have found that fear is the chief cause of a mysterious sleeping sickness, known as narcolepsy.

In its commonest and mildest form, narcolepsy causes Dad to disgrace the family by going to sleep in church. His fear may be of what may happen to his business or even of the wide-awake and unafraid woman who sits in the family pew beside him.

The most startling manifestation of the queer malady shows itself in the death house, at Sing Sing and other prisons. Many a reporter, learning that a doomed murderer had to be awakened from a heavy sleep, and then seeing him shuffle along to the electric chair like a man in a trance, usually had assumed that he must be under the influence of a powerful drug.

It had been hard to believe the prison doctor's statement that there had been no drug, because the man actually hadn't needed it.

Why should fear put the brain to sleep at the very time when it should be most active? Major Max Levin, of the Medical Corps of the Army, recently explained to the American Psychiatric Association that the mind uses sleep as an escape mechanism



**Mrs. Glory Miller, Amnesia Victim, Awoke After Ten Months to Find Herself Married to a Perfect Stranger.**

a term which psychology has accepted and understood for some time. Escape mechanism is an attempt by the mind to run away from realities which are too unpleasant to face.

One well-known example is the oblivion of drunkenness; another is amnesia in which the runaway forgets everything, even his name. Asylums are full of another kind of mental runaways who have built for themselves imaginary worlds, in which they are empresses or billionaires.

Oldest of all escape mechanisms seems to be the sudden sleep of narcolepsy. Almost from the beginning of evolution, an animal confronted with danger had the choice of fight or flight. If neither of these would work, there was a third hope—to escape death by pretending to be dead.

—In other words, to "play 'possum." Many a dentist has been pleased when a jittery patient has gone to sleep in the chair. It's narcolepsy.

Narcolepsy in the dentist's chair or the electric chair may be a blessing to all concerned, but not so good when it happens in the armed forces. One of Abraham Lincoln's best-known acts of mercy was saving the young soldier who had gone to sleep on sentry duty during the Civil War. Lincoln had never heard of narcolepsy but he was an intuitive psychologist and knew that somehow or other it was not the soldier's fault.

Major Levin points out that in every war men go to sleep at their posts, even in the midst of battle, though there is neither exhaustion nor lack of sleep to account for it. These inopportune snoozers have the natural fear of death and desire to run from it. Suppressing the desire to take to their heels, their minds revert to the old opossum trick.

If a person faints at the approach of danger or the receipt of bad news, everyone understands and is sympathetic. If anyone faints in the classroom, church or musicale, there is no concern and sympathy for him. But if he drops off to sleep, he is a rude lout. Yet both may be the result of the same escape mechanism.

The "outrageous" catnap at a tea party or at the Swami Ahaha's lecture on the so-whattens of the higher esoteric may not be due to the extra dullness of that particular occasion so much as to the fact that it is only one of long drawn-out boredom. The napper is suppressing a mighty desire to migrate to new surroundings.

Everyone has twinges of this weakness at times. The impulse to yawn in the face of a boring talker is the first symptom of the instinct to run before you are bored to death.

Narcolepsy as an escape from a too-dismal private life usually means jumping from the frying pan into the fire. For example, a sign painter



**It Is Better to Sleep Off Your Fears Than Try to Drown Them in Alcohol. (Cartoon by Glod.)**

couldn't bear to think of the dreary domestic situation to which he must return after work—so narcolepsy intervened; he fell from his scaffold.

An unhappily-married housewife, at 35, decided on a social career and became president of a woman's club, only to fall asleep at meetings. A college student, to his horror, went to sleep in every classroom. The "insulted" teachers disliked the unfortunate youth and his fellow students ridiculed the "dope."

One of the most notable cases of sleepers was that of Mrs. Glory Caroline Wellert, a victim of amnesia induced by the discovery of her husband's suicide. Her memory snapped. The reality she couldn't face was blotted out. For ten months she remembered nothing—and when her consciousness returned, she found she was married to another man and now was Mrs. Glory Miller.

The victim of narcolepsy usually knows the first symptoms of an attack and fights them futilely.

Physicians sometimes find sleeping spells are caused by organic trouble, but such cases have nothing to do with narcolepsy, which is entirely a disease of the mind.

The cure for narcolepsy apparently is in the patient's revision of his life until it is pleasant enough so that he can think about it, without the thought acting like knockout drops.



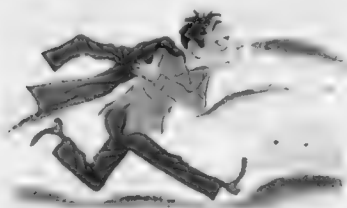
DON'T READ  
THIS IF  
YOU'RE A  
WOODPECKER

If you're a woodpecker, you'll get along fine on a bird-size breakfast. There's nothing better—for a bird.

But, if you're a man (or a woman), listen closely:

A man can't sit around pecking at trees all day. He has to work. And he can't do a man-size job on a bird-size breakfast!

Doctors and dietitians will tell you that you need at least one quarter of your daily nourishment at breakfast!

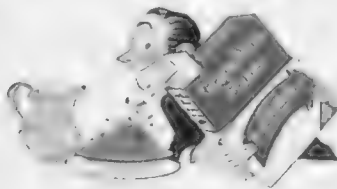


You see, when you wake up in the morning you've been 10 or 12 hours without food. So your vitality is low. To jack it up, you need a good breakfast to start you off in high.

Then why dilly, why dally? Starting tomorrow, make breakfast a meal you can work on. Help yourself to some Grape-Nuts Flakes—the kind of nourishing whole-grain cereal that Uncle Sam recommends in his Basic 7 Foods program.

Golly, but Grape-Nuts Flakes are good eating. Golden-brown, malty-rich, just popping with that "man, oh man, give me more" flavor! And every last bite full-up with B<sub>1</sub>, the energy vitamin!

No fooling, can't you see it now? A big bowl of crunchy, nut-sweet Grape-Nuts Flakes . . . swimming in pasture-fresh milk . . . leaped high with juicy slices of your favorite fruit! Say, heaven can wait, take another spoonful!



Grape-Nuts  
Flakes

A GENERAL FOODS CEREAL



**LISTEN TO THOSE WHO KNOW!**  
Government authorities say: Most of us don't eat an adequate breakfast.  
Doctors and dietitians say: All of us should get at least 1/4 of our daily nourishment at breakfast.  
Nutritionists say: An adequate breakfast includes both fruit and a cereal with whole-grain nourishment.  
We say: All General Foods cereals provide whole-grain nourishment.  
GRAPE-NUTS • GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES  
GRAPE-NUTS WHEAT MEAL • POST TOASTIES  
POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES



*Eat a good breakfast*  
*—do a better job!*



Mrs. Pearl Fairfax, 60-Year-Old Missouri Farm Widow Victim.

By WILLIAM SEABROOK  
Author of "Magic Island," "Witchcraft Today," Etc.

ONE of the deepest, grimmest witchcraft rituals I ever encountered was known in Dahomey, French West Africa, as the Marassa mystery. In a number of cases, two severed human heads were placed on a stone altar, along with the knife or sword which had cut them off. A spell was invoked and the heads were supposed to converse with each other, revealing whatever secrets the sorcerer demanded.

Simultaneously double murders were committed to obtain the heads. Two victims—usually relatives—were slain, and only the decapitated bodies were left for relatives and tribe members to wonder over.

I thought of this with a shudder in connection with the recent finding of two women's headless bodies in the Lake of the Ozarks in Missouri, and the fantastic possibility that some similar hideous motive might lie behind that double murder in America.

Fishermen made the discovery. The women had been shot to death, mutilated later, and then dumped in the lake from a boat.

One victim's dress was found, however, and, of feeding snakes. And so, although the crime occurred near Lebanon, Mo., the bodies, high school and business education, summer mansions of wealthy St. Louis and Kansas City families, the two women were even only from the hill country.

The bodies were identified as a sister and a long missing son and of other stereotypes, as those of Mrs. Pearl Fairfax, 60, widow of a Missouri farmer, and her daughter, Mrs. Mollie Holland, 36.

Four days after the identification was made, the father's husband, Edgar, 44, convicted of bank robbery in 1928 and paroled in 1936, was arrested and charged with first-degree murder.

Held without bail in the Pettis County Jail in Sedalia, Edgar consistently denied any knowledge of the double crime.

Holland had not reported the disappearance of the two women, although they had been gone for a month. Soon after their departure he had employed workers to hang a new kitchen door, replace the flooring in the kitchen, and wallpaper in several rooms of his home at LaMonte, more than a hundred miles away from the lake where the bodies were found.

When questioned, the workmen said the wallpaper in the rooms was torn off the walls, but they saw nothing

# Beheaded Women Sacrificed to Witchcraft?

Missouri's Bizarre Double Murder, Explorer Seabrook Believes, May Prove a Modern Version of Africa's Strange "Ritual of the Speaking Heads"



Mrs. Mollie Holland Whose Headless Body, With That of Her Mother, Was Found in Lake of the Ozarks.



*The Witch Doctor Came to the End of His Monstrous Evocation, the Petitioner Waited, Trembling, His Forehead Buried in the Dust—Then in the Ghostly Silence of the Hut, the Heads Began to Speak.*



Edgar Holland, Charged With the Double Killing of His Wife and Mother-in-Law.

been damaged by fire. When they asked him where his womenfolk were, he said they were visiting relatives at Warrensburg.

The missing kitchen door has not been located, nor have the heads of the two unfortunate women.

But whether the decapitations were simply to make identification difficult, or whether the heads were actually used by the murderer later in some monstrous evocation, is a secret which the world may never know.

My suspicion that some hex ritual might be involved was aroused only incidentally by the fact that the Ozark

mountain hinterland is a stronghold of ancient witchcraft. It was based on facts more sinister, specific.

Collecting heads for magic rites or trophies of war is a widespread custom, reaching from Europe, the South Pacific Islands, around the globe through Peru and Africa. In all explorers' observations, in the literature of anthropology, in the lore of ancient sorcery, the only purpose for which a pair of heads, precisely two heads, are required, is some horrible variant of the "speaking head" Marassa rite. Marassa is a Dahomeyan word which actually means "two" or "twin."

In the Marassa rite of the speaking heads, the witch doctor sits before the altar and invokes his monstrous spell, while the trembling petitioner kneels before him, burying his forehead almost in the dust. There he waits for the ghostly silence of the hut to be broken by the voices of the heads which he expects to bring to him the information he seeks.

If, instead of two heads, one of

several had been made off with in the Missouri case, any of a dozen explanations might fit. For human heads have been used by civilized whites as well as savages for many reasons, including some which are bizarre but do not necessarily involve horror.

But by and large, the habit of keeping human heads around is generally tied up with crime, war, sinister and evil motives.

Pierre Berton based on facts his "Atlantide," the story of a girl named Antipia, a rich heiress, who, wealthy in the Hogg or Marassa rite, who had done her sweet deeds, then of a trophied their heads, sometimes their whole bodies, to be put in a gallery of statues she had in her palace.

The most curious, factually happened in 1905, when it fell to the floor one day, a girl's skull was revealed inside. The same district from which many ancestors of the present-day Ozark mountaineers emigrated.

Sir Cyril Tenax, an eccentric scientist, lived in a gloomy castle with a lovely niece. His hobby was modeling in clay. One day the niece was no longer about. He said she had gone to live with relatives in Canada. Weeks later he produced a beautiful head of the missing niece, life like, in plaster polychrome.

No one suspected anything, but when it fell to the floor one day, a girl's skull was revealed inside. The niece's decapitated body was found later under a flagstone in the cellar.

Strange hex-inspired crimes have hitherto occurred among the generally peaceful, law-abiding, remote Ozark mountaineers. And quiet cabin dwellers themselves are wondering whether the surface motives in the case of the beheaded women may conceal the foulest one of all.



"Harold's Friendly Club," Paradise of the Reno Gamblers. Cheers Up Its Couples by Paying Their Doctors' Bills, Buying Them New Tents, and Sometimes, Nothing.

By INEZ ROBB  
CHAPTER IX

IMMEDIATELY after Lou Harris, when the jittery West Coast should have been, a moment's air of the Japanese, a light-hearted sign appeared simultaneously over a number of Reno's 750 slot machines. The legend read:

"In case of air raid, get under this machine. It's never been hit yet."

It is merely by comparison with Europe's once famous gaming spas, and with that in Palm Beach, for example, that Reno's houses do a two-bit business. And look it.

It is impossible to tell whether Reno's gambling is all conducted in old-fashioned saloons or whether saloons are maintained in all the town's gambling houses, and that goes for most of the town's semi-famous joints, too. It's an old Reno custom.

One thing is certain: You can't assemble the two. In spirit and essence these latter day institutions stem directly from the saloon gambling of Nevada's former mining days.

Another Reno landmark is "The End of the Trail," a swank pawnshop where gamblers may pledge their property for another fling at the tables.

Here is no Arabian Nights's splendor of women, diamonds and fantastic furs, and of men poured in Lord Street's best. The swart crowd in Reno gambling joints looks as if it were plunging on its last nickel.

On the whole, it is an incredibly shabby but fascinating lot, a mixed mélange of cowpunchers, seedy prospectors, an occasional mink-coated divorcee, ragged desert rats who could use a little Chanel No. 5, female bronco busters, and Chinese invariably at the Faro table, dudes in fancy pants, natives, Indians off the reservation, gipsies and who bit too.

The divorcee also makes the quick discovery that she has come to a town where the gambler is a social respecter by the community.

Not a little social stigma attached to owning or working in a gambling house. Gambling is Reno's biggest business. It provides the city with its largest and most substantial payroll.

George Wingfield, Sr., long the political czar of Nevada and still Frank's first citizen, was a cowboy on a Pinto pony when he rode into Winnemucca in 1888 and borrowed \$300 to start a 21 game. He was

RENO, Nev.

On the left, a view of the town's West Coast should have been, a moment's air of the Japanese, a light-hearted sign appeared simultaneously over a number of Reno's 750 slot machines. The legend read:

"In case of air raid, get under this machine. It's never been hit yet."

It is merely by comparison with Europe's once famous gaming spas, and with that in Palm Beach, for example, that Reno's houses do a two-bit business. And look it.

It is impossible to tell whether Reno's gambling is all conducted in old-fashioned saloons or whether saloons are maintained in all the town's gambling houses, and that goes for most of the town's semi-famous joints, too. It's an old Reno custom.

One thing is certain: You can't assemble the two. In spirit and essence these latter day institutions stem directly from the saloon gambling of Nevada's former mining days.

Another Reno landmark is "The End of the Trail," a swank pawnshop where gamblers may pledge their property for another fling at the tables.

Here is no Arabian Nights's splendor of women, diamonds and fantastic furs, and of men poured in Lord Street's best. The swart crowd in Reno gambling joints looks as if it were plunging on its last nickel.

On the whole, it is an incredibly shabby but fascinating lot, a mixed mélange of cowpunchers, seedy prospectors, an occasional mink-coated divorcee, ragged desert rats who could use a little Chanel No. 5, female bronco busters, and Chinese invariably at the Faro table, dudes in fancy pants, natives, Indians off the reservation, gipsies and who bit too.

The divorcee also makes the quick discovery that she has come to a town where the gambler is a social respecter by the community.

Not a little social stigma attached to owning or working in a gambling house. Gambling is Reno's biggest business. It provides the city with its largest and most substantial payroll.

George Wingfield, Sr., long the political czar of Nevada and still Frank's first citizen, was a cowboy on a Pinto pony when he rode into Winnemucca in 1888 and borrowed \$300 to start a 21 game. He was

RENO, Nev.

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# Out of This World—in Reno



Jack Sullivan, Manager of the World's Largest Gambling House, Made His "Bank Club" Profitable by Encouraging Penny Stakes.

that sum into a grub-stake of between \$250,000 and \$500,000 at his old "Bank Club." Then he quit gambling for mining, politics and the banking business.

If anyone ever designs a civic seal for the Biggest Little City in America, it should most certainly include slot machines rampant on a field of silver, supported by divorces couchant in a field of clover.

When such a man finally runs out of silver, and is forced to seek the cashier, he will leave a member of his party to guard his two machines.

This is to prevent any entrepreneur from slipping in and possibly cashing in on the kitty which the other dope has been sweetening all evening.

Some 800 gambling licenses were issued in 1943. The city, county and state license fees on a slot machine run to \$140 monthly, and to \$600 on most other games except poker, the Western gin rummy, which gets off with only \$300. But Reno slaps a flat \$1,000 license fee on the bingo traps.

Other great gambling spas in Europe and America have always been run for the classes. Reno gambling is strictly for the masses.

Just a few months ago, there was a penny roulette game in town. This was the game with which the now opulent Harold's Club started and

which helped boost it to fame and fortune. But you can still crop a nickel on the red or black in any gambling spot in town and he treated accordingly.

The man with 25 cents is more important to us than the occasional millionaire "boss," the Man Who Knows. He is Jack Sullivan, manager and co-owner of the Bank Club.

Indeed, the occasional millionaire can be a decided business hazard. When he wins, he never hesitates to take all. Occasionally, when he loses, he refuses to pay a penny.

That was the case with George Whitley, the former San Francisco real estate operator and multimillionaire, who now lives in a luxurious stone mansion on the Nevada shores of Lake Tahoe.

Whitley, one of Nevada's most noted "tax refugees" and a man who likes to trifle with Lady Luck, lost \$60,000 on the cutt one night over the roulette table at the Riverdale Bar.

A trio of Nevada's biggest and most respected gamblers, Nick Abelman, Bert Reddick and Steve Pavlovich, sued Whitley for the cutt suit to the tune of the missing \$60,000.

But Nevada, the broad-minded, wide-open state, while legalizing gambling itself, had failed to legalize gambling debts. Judge Edgar Eather sustained the plea of Whitley's attorney that gambling is contrary to public policy!

You could have knocked the gambling fraternity over with a cold kick. The decision didn't make sense to them. Or to me, either.

WHEN the barber shop and the saloon fell before feminine onslaughts, the doom of man's last stronghold, the gambling den, was fore-ordained. But even in a wide-open town like Reno, the sight of women dealers in gambling houses was a profound shock when introduced into the profession by Ray-

mond Smith, the remarkable man who managed Harold's Friendly Club, a city's only institution, for his son Harold Smith.

But now the lady dealers are part of Reno's big game plans. The units of their profession, the little green baize aprons, sell gamblers on their hips, worn, in most cases, over well-cut slacks.

Harold's Club started with one mouse and now has dozens. But the first mouse was of the white variety, a varmint used as a come-in in a penny roulette game to indicate the winning number instead of the usual ball. The original mouse had no head for business and was washed out of the combine. But its successors have their figures and are so smart at business that other gambling clubs have copied Harold's in its penchant for the cordial and likable lady dealers.

RHODA WINE, an English newspaper girl, pretty, pert and dark, recently worked her way through a divorce at Harold's. She was affectionately known as "The Limey" to many of the patrons.

The \$90 per week, plus tips, that Rhoda earned as a dealer was more than she had ever earned in the newspaper business. She lingered here until she earned a nest egg of take East.

This English girl is typical of the women dealers here in that she knew virtually nothing about cards when she applied for the job. But Reno's own Smith College, organized by Raymond Smith to train his lady dealers, graduated her.

Now college graduates, ex-school marms, stenographers, secretaries, salesgirls, file clerks and housewives are earning more money as dealers than they ever dreamed of in their old careers.

The case history of Mrs. Charlotte Clevenger, a brunette beauty who earns \$13 a day as a "bit boss" or floor supervisor at Harold's, is not too ex-

ceptional. She is a former student at the University of Oregon and of Germany's University of Bonn. Until she came here from Los Angeles, she was a capable laboratory and X-ray technician.

Even in war time, \$90 per week is not a salary at which one would sneeze.

But that is only a starter for the little lady in the green baize apron. Tips average from \$100 to \$150 per month in a club such as Harold's. And sometimes they amount to this much in a single day or night. Donna Adams of Los Angeles, a former stenographer, was presiding at a dice table recently when the heavy winner handed her \$135. Not long ago, a new girl caring the beginner's \$35 per week got \$175 from a very jubilant winner.

The divorcee who is lucky enough to get a job at Harold's soon discovers she is working for the most such wonder outfit of Reno, a paleontologist just that, on slightest provocation will pay her doctor's bill, buy her old mother a new set of uppers or send her sick child south for the winter.

The one, over all disillusionment suffered in their work agree all lady dealers without exception, is the amazing, eerie duplicity of human nature. Every girl goes to work suspicious that a gambling house rooks its customers. Their principal job, they live with it.

Reno's Gambling Saloons Trains Women to Be Professional Dealers, or Crumpers. Here, the Girls Learn the Fine Points of Black Jack.

At one time or another, is to keep the clients from stealing the house.

What people will do to win a dishonest penny would fill an encyclopedia. It's part of the lady dealer's job to learn the tricks of the trade. A case game may find a woman who has had taught by her sister all her life until she is 30.

Despite the money shortage, all the cash drawers attached to the underside of each of Reno's gaming tables have been changed from wood to metal within the last year. Over 12 months ago, a customer at a crooked roulette table made a table to a dealer who he dropped on the floor.

While he landed under the table, he possibly looking for his two-bits, the cropper and clients went on with the game. Too late the gambling house discovered that their loud-mouthed customer had spent his minutes under the table prying the bottom off the wooden cash box and pocketing its contents, \$2500.

At the Riverdale Bar, the combined Union League, Stork Club, and Women's Auxiliary Club and Marching Club of Reno, you will meet at every afternoon Joe Levine, the divorcee who has heard at least 50,000 divorce cases in 40 years.

And perhaps Joe, who looks like a jolly gremlin, will tell you about the one case that still puzzles him: that of the absent-minded professor who demanded a divorce from a non-existent wife.

YOU are certain to see the most beloved man in Reno and Nevada, "Judge" George Bartlett, 75, who was a friend of Mark Twain, who served in Congress and later granted thousands of divorces. "Judge" is known to thousands of divorcees to whose marital troubles he listened with courtesy and attention and whose unsatisfactory marriages he dissolved in a trice. Out of the distilled wisdom of his years on the bench, the Judge wrote a classic book "Men, Women and Conflict."

But I am now presiding in "Judge" says "Call in the new edition 'Men, Women and Conflict' damn good more interesting in my estimation."

In her final installment next week, Miss Rabb will summarize her statistics and conclusions on just how Reno faces the future.



"The End of the Trail"—Reno's Swank Pawnshop Where One Can Pledge Property for a Last Fling.

All Types Gather at Reno's Public Gambling Parlors. A Game Game May Find a Dealer. Winning the Bankroll Against a Cowboy's Penny Stake, or a Stenographer. Figuratively Betting Her Weekly Salary Against a Tycoon's Yacht.





# India's Criminals Tamed by an Unarmed Army

By IRVING LEBRER

THE proud British Government in India had to admit that it was completely licked. It had to say it in as many words, but the record spoke for itself.

For more than 100 years, the armed might of the British Empire had been waging an unsuccessful war against a cruel, cunning and voracious foe described as "The Criminal Tribes of India."

And then, just when the situation seemed hopeless, an unarmed army appeared.

Initially, or, actually, those tribes of murderers, thieves, strangers and pariahs were more than a match for the power of the British Colonial Army and for a host of constabulary, spies and counterespies.

Under the pen, penitentiary or school system, for any length of time. As far back as the early years of the 19th century, even as one British Commissioner was watching upon Washington, another large force of men and guns was scouring India in search of the "criminals."

At that time, Colonial Governor Lord Bampfylde declared that the criminals had ruined the ordinarily peaceful life of the Empire just as much as the Thugs.

Fifteen hundred of the most powerful tribes in India, among all the tribes, were hanged, transported or imprisoned for life. Lord Bampfylde believed that thus the motivating factors of each tribe had been eliminated. In a few weeks, the tribes had become more fierce and more active in their campaigns of pillage.

These were and are the most hideous organized criminal gangs in the world. Every murder and the theft employed was committed in the name of fanaticism according to ancient and rigidly prescribed forms. There were hundreds of tribes and each was specialized in a specific type of criminal activity.

For instance, there were the Thugs. They dispatched all of their victims by strangling.

The Bhoirs, famous housebreakers, used a "jimmy" with a three-inch tip of tempered steel, a square section and a ball handle. The Kalkaris, another sect of burglars, had to use



The Vicious, Fanatical Killers Who Defied British Soldiers and the Law Have Changed Their Ways, After a 35-Year Spiritual Conquest by the Patient Salvationists



Temple of Kali, Goddess of Murder; and Left—One of Her Savage Worshipers.



Commissioner Booth-Tucker, Who Tamed the Untamable Doms.

Spoke of these criminals as "primitive and stupid" but the British men consistently proved that they were more than a match for the forces of law and order.

Old Method Which Proved Ineffective in Reforming India's Criminal Tribes.

"battle" force—the Salvation Army was asked to step in 35 years ago. Commissioner and Mrs. Frederick St. George de Laet, Booth-Tucker's successor, agreed to undertake the reformatory work among the 30,000 criminals.

The Government made no money. The Salvation Army was to experiment with a single tribe, with the understanding that if it was successful other tribes would be given to the organization's care.

The tribe selected was the Doms, a community of 300 persons kept in semi-captivity at Gorokhpur.

They were noted near and far as among the most drunken, vicious and licentious of folk. They were such inveterate gamblers that, according to well-substantiated reports, they put dice into the hands of their dead so that the departed spirits might gamble in the next world.

The weapons of the Salvation Army were infinite patience, faith, understanding—and a degree of applied psy-



First Step in Booth-Tucker's Unorthodox Rehabilitation Program.

a "jimmy" that was exactly 14 inches long. The Mang tribe used a chisel, and no other tool to perpetrate their larcenous purposes.

Then there were the ferocious Santhal tribesmen, who crippled their victims with a single swing of an iron-bound lathi on the knee, and the Banjars, cattle thieves and murderers.

The British Colonial Government

chology. Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Tucker reasoned: "Let us treat them like human beings and seek results in that manner."

The authorities provided accommodations and the first Salvation Army Settlement for the Criminal Tribes was opened at Gorokhpur.

Announcement was made at the outset that the only persons who would be admitted to the settlement were those who would be obedient.

If they came, they would be taught how to support themselves, and helped to make a real start in life. And, another thing, they would be free from police supervision. That was an important psychological factor.

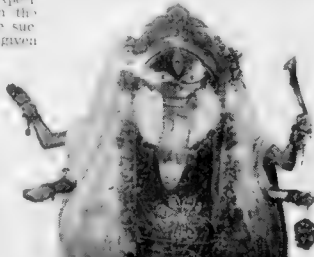
The Doms were suspicious folk. The Salvation Army settled back to a game of patience. The Doms came, they examined, they rejected, they sneered but they came again and finally applied for admission.

They were fed and put to work. At night, there were salvation meetings, with plenty of music.

The principles of Christianity had to be given to them in small portions. They had a fanatical religion of their own. But in time came conversions.

Kindness, understanding and the opportunity to be self-sustaining were the weapons that conquered. Today, there are dozens of such settlements. Only a small portion of the 3,000,000 criminal tribesmen have been converted into useful members of society.

But the Salvation Army reasons: "There are 700 years of fear, superstition behind the Criminal Tribes. Some are beyond reclamation. In time, they will all come into the fold of righteousness and a belief in God."



The Mysterious Goddess Kali Has Lost Her Devotees to the Salvation Army.

# "Don't give up, Lady"



## "VITAMINS CAN BE DELICIOUS!"

**"Stop your fretting!** You can give your family the vitamins they need the natural way and have them cheering you for it. Take vitamin C, for example. A pesky fellow if there ever was one!

**"You need more C** than any other vitamin. Yet most foods—even most fruits and vegetables—fall short in it. Still we have to get our C quota daily to fight fatigue and infection, to protect teeth and gums, and to keep feeling young.

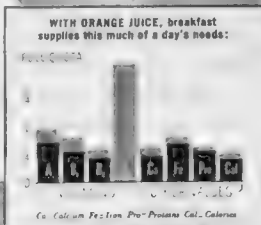


**"Now here you have oranges.** Everyone loves them! And oranges are your richest practical source of vitamin C. Not only that, they help with A, B<sub>1</sub>, B<sub>2</sub> (some folks call it 'G'), plus some mighty important minerals.

**"So now—what happens** when you give your family a nice, fresh orange salad or maybe a cool, fresh fruit cup? Or add an orange to the mister's lunch box and give the youngsters one between meals? They love it, and you couldn't give them anything that would be better for them. See what I mean? Vitamins can be delicious!"

**Save shopping trips** by ordering a week's supply of trademarked Sunkist Oranges. They are "good keepers," the finest from the famous groves of 14,500 cooperating California-Arizona growers

Copyright, 1933, California Fruit Growers Exchange



## How Orange Juice Helps Make It a Better Breakfast!

Most of us don't eat the right kind of breakfast, say government authorities, doctors and the nutritionists. Even when you serve an egg, whole grain cereal with milk and buttered toast you do only part of the job. Because like most foods they are short on vitamin C.

The black bars in the chart show what these foods supply, the red what you add when you add orange juice. Note how you fill your quota of vitamin C. This is important, because after studying thousands of meals authorities report that neglect at breakfast is the main reason most of us fall short on C.

One 6 to 8 ounce glass of fresh orange juice supplies your day's quota. And look how it boosts other vitamins and food values—the natural way.

Of course, that's not even mentioning the delicious flavor of California orange juice or how its brisk, bracing tang makes the whole breakfast taste better!



**Sunkist**  
CALIFORNIA ORANGES

**BEST FOR JUICE—and Every use!**

# Baby Platypus Stirring Up the Old Family Puzzle



Duckbills Usually Lay  
Twin Eggs.

Its Arrival in an  
Australian Burrow  
Has Made Zoologi-  
cal History. But  
Who Can Tell  
Whether It's a Bird,  
Beast—Or Fish?

**J**ACK and Jill, proud parents of Corry, the first duckbill platypus ever born in captivity, have made an outstanding contribution to science. Their young hopeful is expected to furnish naturalists at the Healesville Sanctuary in Australia, where the little platypus made its unprecedented arrival in January, with all the information puzzled investigators have been seeking for years about the strangest, shyest and most primitive "mammal" alive today.

By most experts say, this creature whose funny face, flat tail and physical equipment make it part fish, part bird, part beast and part reptile, should have disappeared from the earth millions of years ago.

Why it has lived so long without making any attempt to adapt itself to a more progressive world is one of nature's mysteries. Perhaps study of Corry will solve it.

The platypus (sometimes called an *ornithomylus*) resembles a large lizard with fur, but boasts a toothless duck bill and lays eggs. When the young are hatched the mother suckles them—but not like an ordinary mammal. The milk oozes from perforated regions in her skin. The adult duckbill has webbed front



When It Is 8½ Weeks Old the Strange Bird-Reptile-Mammal's Body Is Just Beginning to Develop Its Fur Coat—One of Its Unusual Characteristics.

feet that also have strong claws, which it uses for digging. Papa platypus also has a movable spur on the inside of his hind feet

which contains poison venom, another throw-back, apparently, to his reptilian ancestors.

Jill was induced to start a family

**Corry, the First Baby Platypus  
Born in Captivity, Is Expected  
to Furnish All the Missing  
Answers About His Family  
Tree.**

last fall when Curator David Fleay furnished her with nesting material. Promptly she dug a burrow and sealed herself inside for six days.

When finally the burrow was opened there was Corry, barking like a young puppy. It was suspected that there might be another baby, but so far no brother or sister has made its appearance.

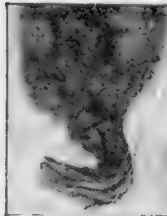
Because the platypus has such a delicately balanced nervous system that merely poking it up may cause its death, there is an Australian law prohibiting anyone from owning or even touching these little wonder animals without special permission.

If Corry has spells of appearing to be dead, or dying, these probably won't worry Mr. Fleay, because the platypus indulges in strange "hibernating" periods of sleep, maybe three or four days at a time.

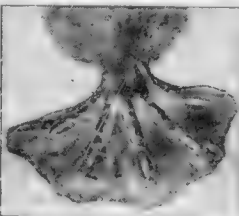
Perhaps the most unusual feature is the rubbery beak that serves as eyes as well as catching machinery when a platypus dives into the water for food. This is because a thin membrane is automatically pulled over the eyes and ears, presumably to keep out the water. Then, as he waves his head slowly from side to side, his bill collects any edibles it encounters.

The platypus is not a vegetarian, nor will he eat meat in the ordinary sense—preferring worms, grubs, tadpoles and other small creatures that aren't hard to chew. That's because he is toothless.

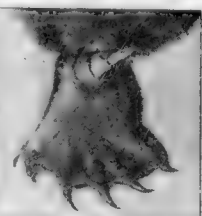
Since Healesville is a favorite sightseeing spot for troops in Australia, men in our armed forces there probably will see Corry. But the rest of the American people must wait. For no platypus has been successfully transferred to a zoo outside Australia.



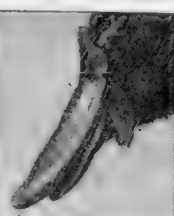
The Platypus Paw,  
Folded Up and Ready  
for Walking.



A Broad Web Between Its  
Toes Enables This Odd Crea-  
ture to Swim.



Spurs on a Platypus' Hind  
Feet Supply Venom Like  
Snake Fangs.



Platy's Toothless,  
Rubbery Bill Helps  
Him "See" Food.



# For Summertime Nutrition...



## "WILT NOT, WASTE NOT!"

*A golden rule for Victory Gardeners*

Conserve the full nutritive value of the fresh vegetables from your Victory garden by following these four simple rules:

1. Keep vegetables cool until ready to cook or eat.
2. Don't crush or bruise them. Don't soak them.
3. Serve fresh vegetables quickly when prepared. Make raw salad or slaw a last-minute job in meal preparation, because Vitamin C gets away faster from foods when they're peeled or cut.

For table use, Parkay may be made a rich appetizing spread by adding the vegetable coloring per gram each package Parkay is pure, natural when you buy it.

made by **KRAFT**  
**Parkay**  
WITH 100% U.S. VITAMIN A  
4,000 U. PER POUND  
THE DELICIOUS  
VEGETABLE  
OLEOMARGARINE

## Crisp Crackers and Nourishing PARKAY

Served with a cool, inviting Victory Garden salad this tempting warm-weather treat helps provide much of the energy and vitamins your family needs for good summertime nutrition.

This summer, especially, America needs us strong! The toughest wartime jobs are yet to come. We hope you're raising your quota of nourishing foods in a Victory garden... and eating your share of these wholesome foods—adding to them the flavor goodness of Parkay Margarine for the extra energy and nourishment it helps provide.

### Vitamin A for Good Nutrition!

Economical Parkay Margarine is one of the very best of energy foods. And Kraft fortifies this nutritious spread for America's bread with important Vitamin A—9,000 units to every single pound.

Parkay Margarine is made from carefully selected American farm products. Kraft blends fresh pasteurized skim milk (to which milk cultures are added) with highly refined vegetable oils... does it so expertly, that Parkay's delicate, satisfying flavor is a daily source of enjoyment to millions of American families.

### Adds Flavor Goodness to Other Foods!

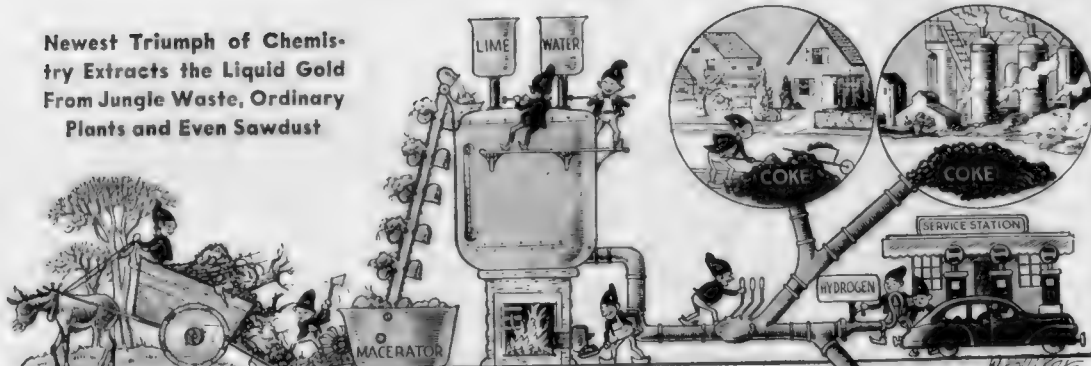
Spread delicious Parkay on piping hot toast, bread or sweet rolls at breakfast tomorrow. See what a satisfying send-off you get from this wholesome, nourishing spread. Enjoy it in other ways at mealtime—as a seasoning for hot cooked Victory garden vegetables.

Parkay Margarine spreads smoothly, blends perfectly with other foods... adds an extra fine flavor that's so gratifying to hungry appetites.

KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY • Chicago 90, Illinois

PARKAY—*a nutritious spread for America's bread!*

## Newest Triumph of Chemistry Extracts the Liquid Gold From Jungle Waste, Ordinary Plants and Even Sawdust



By Prof. Berl's Quick Oil Process Macerated Vegetable Matter, Mixed With Lime and Water and Boiled, Forms a Coke-Like Substance for Heating, Gelatinous Protoproduct for Running Diesel Engines and With Added Hydrogen, Gasoline.

# 270,000,000 Years Boiled Down to 20 Minutes for Oil

By ROBERT D. POTTER  
Science Editor

SCIENCE has reshuffled the cards of chemistry and come up with a remarkable way to turn the world's luxurious but relatively useless tropical jungle vegetation into "living oil wells" of the future.

When Professor Ernst Berl, of Pittsburgh's Carnegie Institute of Technology, demonstrated before the American Chemical Society recently how he actually could change almost any kind of growing plant into coal and oil, he potentially raised the economic importance of many out-of-the-way South Sea Islands and put them on the map, so to speak, as valuable postwar fuel sources.

Especially will these once exotic specks of land in the ocean be useful to commercial airlines on global flights of the future. They will be ideal re-fueling stations, with forests supplying on-the-spot refinery materials.

Thanks to the earnest but unpretentious Carnegie chemist, the globe's jungle wastelands may some day rival Pennsylvania, Texas, Louisiana, and California as rich sources of gasoline and oils.

The mysterious Amazon Basin, in Brazil, Venezuela's treacherous Orinoco Delta, Guadalupe, and a great

chunk of Africa promise to supplement the world's present dwindling underground sources of gasoline.

In an interview with *The American Weekly*, Professor Berl explained in detail his unique but definitely workable process for making oil and coal from growing plants. He said:

"From 100 long tons of Louisiana sugar cane I can produce 2,980 gallons of high grade gasoline, 3,450 gallons of a middle oil like kerosene, 1,210 tons of lubricating oil, and some 845 tons of raw sugar. At present, we get nothing more than the sugar out of the crop."

The professor takes sugar cane wastes—bagasse—they are called chops them up and dumps them into a large tank. In place of the cane he could use such materials as tropical brush, marine algae, or even sawdust.

Next he adds lime and water to form an alkali mixture.

Then he applies heat to the tank. Quickly the temperature rises to 225 or 350 degrees Centigrade. With the mounting temperature comes a



Tropical Jungle Wastelands in the South Pacific Over Which Our Troops Are Fighting May Soon Become Global Oil Fields Producing Much Needed On-the-Spot Gasoline for Postwar Aviation.

great increase in pressure, which, when the mixture is at the boiling point, reaches more than 3,000 pounds to the square inch.

Ten or 15 minutes of this boiling alkali "digestion" creates great changes in the plant material; changes comparable to what happened on earth naturally, back in the Carboniferous Period, some 270,000,000 years

juggling the amount of alkali pressure in the tank.

1. It can make a soft bituminous kind of coal that yields sandy coke suitable for home heating.

2. It can produce a coal yielding high grade coke desired by the steel industry for blast furnaces.

3. It can produce "protoproduct,"

Back in the Carboniferous Period—270,000,000 Years Ago—When Nature Was Slowly Making Oil and Coal the Hard Way.

ago, when coal and oil were being made.

In 20 minutes Professor Berl duplicates a reaction that Nature took millions of years to carry out.

Through the miracles of chemical control the Carnegie expert can route his creation in any one of three ways, simply by

Protoproduct is the mother substance of oil, petroleum and gasoline. Jelly-like at room temperatures, it can be burned in today's Diesel engines. A farmer who wished to be self-sufficient might install a small Berl plant on his land and "grow his own oil." Protoproduct could drive his tractor and farm machinery.

Gasoline is made from protoproduct by hydrogenation—adding extra hydrogen atoms to it—in a way already well known in chemistry. By proper refining of the gasoline, 100 octane and other super fuels can be created.

What does it all cost? That's where Professor Berl is cagey. Everything hinges, he says, on the price of the raw material delivered at a plant.

The new Berl process is not to be confused, as it sometimes is, with the usual hydrogenation for making oil out of coal.

Both Germany and England are getting part of their present oil needs by changing coal's structure and turning it into synthetic gasoline.

Coal hydrogenation can make oil for the world today, but it is far from the final solution because it, also, uses up a vital, irreplaceable resource. There is now plenty of coal, but some day it will be gone as the world's crude petroleum will be gone. When coal and oil are depleted the world will have to figure out a way to get its power fuels from growing things, from crops.

The only present rival of the Berl process is the one which some farmers already know about—where the crops are fermented into alcohol and the alcohol is mixed with gasoline to run automobiles or farm tractors.

To get alcohol to mix with gasoline to run 30,000 motor cars (the U.S. pre-war total) would require some 40 per cent of all the nation's farmland for just alcohol alone.

In contrast, the Berl method, of turning the crops into oil instead of alcohol, could do the same job by using only three per cent of the nation's farmland, he says.

What will Berl oil cost? Professor Berl let slip one estimate.

A nation like the Dominican Republic, part of the island of Haiti, he says, probably could make its own gasoline from its own waste vegetation as cheaply as it can import gasoline from the United States. Gasoline there today costs 35 cents a gallon.

Oil and gasoline, taken from the ground, are cheaper than that today in the United States.

But when it gives out—as it surely will in time—maybe we'll be using the Berl process too.



# SMILE AWHILE

Wish I had Jim's knack of always keeping his desk cleared.



"Boy, have I got will power! I let that marine follow me for three blocks before I dropped my handkerchief."



"This is Mr. Griffin, our butcher. He has been VERY co-operative."



"I wish you'd talk to Junior. He's been eating crackers in bed again."



I hope you ain't thinkin' of mutiny.

"Pleeza Missus,  
keep-a him Fresh!"



### VEGETABLES ARE PRECIOUS

...so precious you shouldn't waste a single morsel!

How to guard their crisp garden freshness? ...their fine flavor? ...their vitamins so necessary to good health? Just follow these rules:

**FIRST**—clean vegetables immediately, and discard withered, discolored leaves.

**SECOND**—wrap tightly in Cut-Rite Waxed Paper and store at once in refrigerator until used.

Because it's double-waxed and super-stendared, you'll find Cut-Rite a blessing, a sure way to cut food costs, reduce food waste and make "Foods light for Freedom." At your grocer's, in the big, blue and white carton.

American Paper Machinery Co., Inc.  
Holmdel, New Jersey

## CUT-RITE

WAXED PAPER

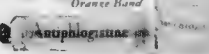


The most *best* of ANTIPHLOGISTINE goes right to work on these common everyday injuries, easing pain and stiffness and helping to reduce the swelling. For best results ANTIPHLOGISTINE should be applied early and comfortably hot. Its *most best* soothes, relaxes and brings Blessed Relief for several hours.

Get a tube or can of ANTIPHLOGISTINE today and keep it handy in your medicine cabinet.

**Antiphlogistine**

The White Package with the Orange Band



# HOUSEHOLD ALMANAC

By FLORENCE BROBECK  
Women's Editor

If there is no time in the summer when ice cream and cake can not be omitted from the menu, it is on the Fourth of July.

In so many parts of the country, for more years than even the oldest inhabitant can remember, this mid-summer holiday has been the occasion for a family picnic, or a community festival in some local park or near-by woods. Usually with speeches and flags and fireworks. Certainly with the good food of gifted cooks—the women who mothered the big, noisy, lovable families of the community.

The Joneses brought a huge crock of potato salad. The Smiths filled a big pan with crisp, fried chicken. A good many baskets came laden with sandwiches, and pickles and stuffed hard-boiled eggs. The prize cake-makers of the neighborhood brought big delectable cakes topped with thick frosting.

But the ice cream was made in freezers by men and boys right at the picnic grounds. And it was scooped out in those days in big cone-shaped affairs, not the small, round bulbs we have to put up with today. A dish of ice cream was just that—a plate heaped with delicious frozen, yellow cream.

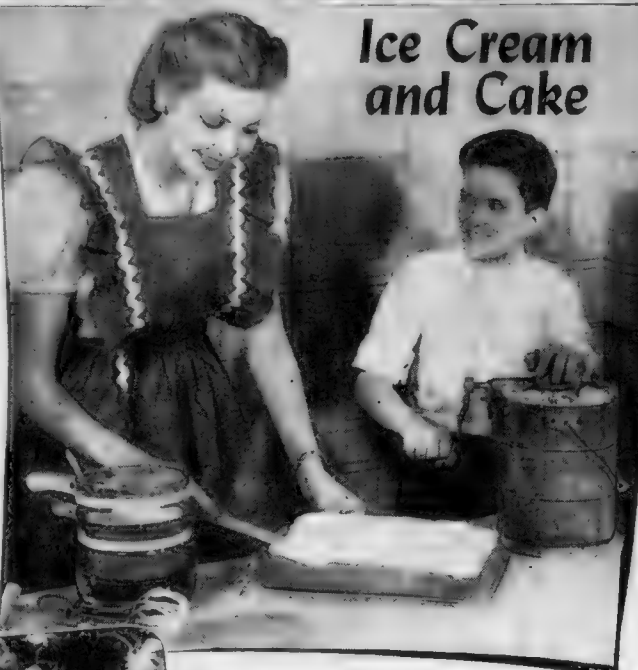
**SHORT-AGES** of dairy products this summer need not keep the country from having its ice cream. For the variety made at home in the automatic refrigerator or in a freezer, there are many recipes. And there is a new ready-mixed product which results in good ice cream with nothing but water added to the mix.

**Chocolate Ice Cream**  
Here are recipes we've found especially good.

- 1 cup sugar
- 4 tablespoons flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 2 cups milk
- 3 squares unsweetened chocolate
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- 4 cups light cream
- 2 tablespoons vanilla

Combine the sugar, flour and salt in the upper part of a double boiler, mixing thoroughly. Add the milk gradually, stirring well. Add the chocolate. Place this pan over the lower part of the boiler containing boiling water, and cook and stir until it is thickened. Then continue the cooking ten minutes, stirring occasionally. Pour a small amount of the mixture over the beaten eggs, stirring vigorously. Add this to the chocolate mixture in the double boiler and cook two minutes longer. Let it cool. Mix the cream and vanilla in.

Freeze it till stiff in a freezer. Use eight parts of



## Ice Cream and Cake

Johnny Better Unpack That Freezer on the Floor So His Sister Can Ice the Happy Day Cake in Face.

Return it to the freezing tray and freeze till firm. This makes six or more servings.

### Lemon Ice Cream

- 2 eggs
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup light corn syrup
- 2 cups top milk for 1 cup light cream
- 1 cup lemon juice
- 2 teaspoons grated lemon peel

Beat the eggs till lemon-colored; add the sugar and beat to a thick, custard-like consistency. Stir the syrup into this, then the milk, then the lemon juice and peel. Mix well. Freeze it in a refrigerator tray with the control set for the lowest temperature. When it is frozen, remove this to a bowl and whip with an electric or hand beater until it is light and creamy. Return it quickly to the freezing tray. Finish the freezing. Makes one quart, which is six to eight servings. If not served at once, hold it at the middle temperature control of the refrigerator.

### Happy Day Cake

- 2 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
- 2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 eggs

Measure into the sifter the flour, double-acting baking powder, salt and sugar. Have the shortening at room temperature for at least half an hour before mixing; then add the sifted dry ingredients to it, mix, then add half of the liquid, and the unbeaten eggs. Beat all for one minute. Add the remaining liquid, blend, and beat two minutes longer.

Bake either in one pan measuring thirteen-by-nine-by-two inches; or in two nine-inch layer pans,

greased, the bottom lined with waxed paper and greased again. Bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.), about twenty-five minutes for the layers, or thirty-five minutes for the sheet cake.

### Pastel Jelly Frosting

- 1/2 cup jelly
- 1 egg white, unbeaten
- 4 tablespoons sugar
- 1/8 teaspoon salt

Combine jelly, egg white sugar and salt in the top of a double boiler, beating with a wheel egg beater till thoroughly mixed. Place over rapidly boiling water. Beat constantly with the egg beater and cook three minutes, or until the frosting will stand in peaks. Remove from the boiling water and let it stand till cool enough to spread. Makes three and one-half cups frosting.

### Favorite Cup Cakes

- 2 1/4 cups sifted cake flour
- 2 1/4 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup butter or other shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift the flour once, measure it, add the double-acting baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream the shortening, add sugar gradually and beat together until light and fluffy. Add the eggs and beat well. Add the flour, alternately with the milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake this in greased cup cake pans in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.) twenty to twenty-five minutes, or until done. Frost with your favorite frosting and decorate with nuts or grated chocolate. Makes two and one-half dozen medium, or one and one-half dozen large, cup cakes.







## "It's such a pleasant cleanser to work with!"

You couldn't ask for a nicer cleanser than Bon Ami. It's so white and clean—so gentle on your hands. It's even odorless! But what woman would use a cleanser—however pleasant—if it weren't effective, too! That's where Bon Ami shines. Though it's free from scratchy grit, it makes dirt and grease disappear in a jiffy... polishes as it cleans. Try it—and see!

**Bon Ami**

"hasn't scratched yet!"



"Keep your eye on the orange and blue parachute, it's carrying our Wheaties!"



## MODELS THAT FLY!

Hurry! Get free easy-to-build cut-out models of hard hitting British Spitfire-V and deadly German FW-190. Full-color models that actually fly. Will glide and soar up to 75 feet or more when launched by hand. Rush name and address with 2 Wheaties box tops to Jack Armstrong, Box 888, Minneapolis, Minn. Send no money—your planes are free. Send at once! Offer expires August 1, 1944.

**FREE!**

WITH 2 WHEATIES BOX TOPS



Save your waste cooking fat—it's ammunition for our fighting men

## Cold Supper Special

HERE is a gala dish which is fine enough for a summer wedding reception, or just right for a Sunday guest supper.

### Jellied Chicken King

- 1 envelope plain unflavored gelatin
  - 1 cup cold water
  - 1 teaspoon salt
  - 1 teaspoon paprika
  - 1 1/4 cups hot chicken stock
  - 1/2 cup cream
  - 1 tablespoon lemon juice
  - 1 1/2 cups cooked chicken
  - 2 tablespoons chopped pimiento
  - 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
  - 2 2-ounce cans mushrooms
- Soften the gelatin in cold water, or in one-fourth cup of the liquid drained from the mushrooms. Beat the

eggs, add salt, pepper, paprika, and chicken stock. Cook this in a double boiler until custard like consistency, stirring constantly. Add the softened gelatin and lemon and stir until the gelatin is dissolved. Stir in the cream.

Let this cool, and when the mixture begins to thicken, fold in the sliced chicken, pimiento, green pepper and the sliced mushrooms. Turn this into a mold which has been rinsed with cold water. Chill it in the refrigerator (fill it 1/4 firm).

When it is ready to serve, unmold on a chilled platter. Garnish with lettuce, chive, or watercress. Serve with Mayonnaise. The top may be garnished with watercress, lemon slices, or strips of pimiento and green pepper. Six servings.

### Special Date Nut Cake

THIS recipe can be varied as to the fruits used in it. I have even used pickled figs, or apple sauce, when I could not get the dates.

Once a month I'm obliged on to bake one or two of these cakes for our monthly American Legion and Purple Heart Auxiliary.

—Mrs. George S. P.,  
135 Broadway, Conn.

### Date Nut Cake

- 1 cup sugar, white or brown
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1/2 cup shortening, margarine or butter

- 2 cups rolled Graham cracker crumbs
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup walnut meats
- 1 cup dates, chopped

Blend the sugar and shortening smoothly, stir in the egg, then alternately the crumbs and dates when nearly all of the ingredients are mixed. Pour into a greased loaf or square pan. Bake in a moderate oven (325 degrees F.) for one hour. Serve with ice cream, a sauce, or frost with any favorite icing. Makes one good sized loaf.

## Mid-Season Dressmaking



**PATTERN 3699**—Kiddie playtime sun-dress. Size 2 to 10. Size 6, uncut, requires 1 1/2 yards 35-inch fabric; blouse, 3/4 yard. **PATTERN 3698**—Princess-styled, side-buttoned frock. Sizes 18 to 20, 30 to 32. Size 18 requires 3 1/2 yards 35-inch fabric. **PATTERN 3614**—Elegant apron with easy embroidery. See.

EACH PATTERN together with a needlework pattern of metal and decorative motifs for linings and garments. TWENTY CENTS for each one. Write plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE, NEW, HFR, and your order to the AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPT., 635 Sixth Avenue, New York 11, New York.

Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.



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SHI YOU CAN HAVE MY SECRET

VERD-A-RAY WILL HELP



ON SALE AT NEARLY ALL STORES

**VERD-A-RAY**

REPLACES ORDINARY LAMP BULBS

Home work is no problem if the desk or table lamp provides good light. But, two hours of study can be very unpleasant if one must compete with glare.

Glare tires your eyes. Fatigue is the result. The glare-reducing Verd-A-Ray lamp should make home work a work of pleasure instead of a glare-competing task your child might wish to avoid.

BUT  
VERD-A-RAY  
TODAY

Parents - not children - are responsible for selection of the kind of light to which the eyes of children must be exposed within the home.

Thoroughly qualified physiological research indicates definite advantages for Verd-A-Ray. Try one lamp today? Verd-A-Ray will add to eye comfort of your entire family.

Widely used industrially, this new lamp is now on sale at nearly all retailers. Measure its small cost in the added eye comfort you get while reading, sewing or while in the kitchen or bath. It's "V" Day Lighting. Available for You - NOW.

ASK STORE CLERKS WHAT USERS SAY WHEN THEY COME BACK TO BUY MORE

FREE Send Postcard TODAY for beautiful Four-color Folder, WHITE Dept 87, SAYS ELECTRIC CORPORATION Toledo 9, Ohio

VERD-A-RAY LIGHT IS AID TO SIGHT



No lack of fine, nourishing foods when you have a "food bank" of delicious Kerr-canned, home canned fruits, vegetables, meats. Start EARLY and can MORE—do it the simple, easy, successful way—use

Kerr Mason Jars and Caps Remember Kerr Mason Caps fit all Mason Jars

FREE-Kerr Homemaker 24 pages time tables, instructions, recipes, 100 gummed labels. Write Kerr Mason Jar Co., Dept. 110 Los Angeles 13, California



# HAVE YOU GOT IT?

## CHECK YOURSELF FOR SYMPTOMS OF ATHLETE'S FOOT

- ☐ Peeling, cracks between toes  
☐ Soft, soggy skin ☐ Itching

Maybe you never realized it, but chances are you have Athlete's Foot. Surveys show over 70% of U. S. adults infected each year. Mild case may suddenly become serious. And Athlete's Foot rages at worst in summer. Fortunately science has a new treatment which is producing remarkable results. In thousands of test cases, practically all infection cleared up quickly with easy 2-way QUINSANA powder method—used today by millions!



### 1 USE QUINSANA ON FEET DAILY

—for relief and protection. Recommended by great majority of Chiropodists, specialists in care of feet. Quinsana is also excellent for hyperhidrosis (excessive perspiration), bromidrosis (foot odor).

### 2 SHAKE QUINSANA IN SHOES DAILY

—absorbs moisture, reducing chance of re-infection from shoe linings. Fungi which cause Athlete's Foot may exist almost everywhere—use QUINSANA daily.

50¢

MENNEN  
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FOR  
ATHLETE'S FOOT

Foot health is vital to the war effort! See a Chiropodist regularly.

Pharmaceutical Div., MENNEN Co.,  
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## Don't let underarm odor sabotage romance!

Half a minute with quick, dependable Mum guards charm all day or evening.

Romance is rare—too precious to lose. So don't take chances with your charm—don't risk underarm odor. Every day, and after every bath, give underarms special care—use Mum! Your bath washes away past perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor. Let Mum guard your charm—keep you near to be near!

**MUM'S SO QUICK**—Mum smooths on in half a minute—yet keeps you dainty for hours.  
**SO GENTLE**—Mum won't irritate your skin—even after underarm shaving. Mum's safe for fabrics, too.  
**SO DEPENDABLE**—Without stopping, perspiration, Mum prevents risk of underarm odor. You can trust MUM!

Product of Bristol Myers

## GET MUM TODAY!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



## "MAKE IT SEVEN AND YOU CAN HAVE MY ZIPPO"

A ZIPPO is better than gold for twice—act any service man back on leave. There is nothing as popular as a windproof ZIPPO lighter, and that's why, until the demands of our boys at the front and on the high seas are met, that you will have to wait for your genuine ZIPPO.

Get ZIPPO FLINTS and FLUID at your dealer.

ZIPPO MFG. CO., Dept. W, Bradford, Pa.

**ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER**

**For OBNOXIOUS PERSPIRATION and ATHLETE'S FOOT**

**10¢** AT ALL 10¢ STORES

**CRO-PAX** Osmolite

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...BUT RETAIN CLEAR VISION... with "OCULENS..."

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Every druggist knows that thousands of men and women use CARL DAMSCHINSKY'S inter- absolutely dependable... easy to use... economical. Requires no skin test. Complete instructions furnished or money refunded. Comes in 6 shades. Costs only 60¢ (double size economy package 95¢). Ask any druggist for

**DAMSCHINSKY'S HAIR TINT**

**Sky-Rite** AIR-MAIL STATIONERY

Use Sky-Rite Air-Mail Stationery, its lightness is distinctive—Saves Postage! Brilliant white, strong, opaque, crackly. Styles for every use. Priced Right! Distributors Coast to Coast Sold at All Banner Stores

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## Perfect Crime---Almost

THE inhabitants of the little English village of Luton had never seen any father quite as devoted as 40-year-old Bertie Mant-

ton. The way he stepped in and took care of his four children and ran the house after his wife left him was a constant source of amazement to the womenfolk.

"Why he does everything for his children," was the usual comment. "How could a wife ever leave a man like that? It doesn't seem possible."

Although the whole village was bustling with curiosity, the quiet-spoken, gentle-mannered husband never gave a hint as to the domestic trouble that had caused his wife to suddenly leave their home.

Even to his own relatives, the patient little man offered no further explanation. The only person he took into his confidence was his mother-in-law. To her, he told how his wife, Irene, had mysteriously gone to London.

### Mother-in-law Fooled

Her sympathies were all with her son-in-law. She couldn't understand how any woman could desert as fine a man as Bertie.

As weeks and then months went by, it became increasingly clear that Irene had no intention of returning. Old friends began receiving letters from her. In each one, she expressed her determination to stay in London indefinitely.

That's why you could have knocked the villagers over with a feather a short time ago when Chief Inspector Chapman of Scotland Yard arrived in Luton and announced that Mant-

ton had been arrested for the murder of his wife. The body of a nude woman, found in the near-

by River last March, before, had been identified as that of Mrs. Mant-

### Faked Letters

The accused man had imitated his wife's handwriting, and then had gone to London from time to time to mail the letters. Everyone was fooled.

Manton—who is awaiting trial—admitted the murder, and confessed his hoax of making it appear his spouse was still alive.

According to his confession, published by the

police, he hit his wife over the head with a heavy wooden stool as the climax to an argument over their household affairs.

### Hid the Body

He hid her body in the basement and then sent the children, when they arrived home, out to an evening movie. While they were gone, he put his wife's body, wrapped in a turban, onto the handlebars of his bicycle and wheeled the corpse to the river through the back door of his house. Then he dumped it into the stream.

"I killed her, but only because I lost my temper," he was quoted as telling police. "I didn't want to. If it hadn't been for the children, I would have given myself up long ago."

**THEY CAN'T GET LOST OR DAMAGED WHEN YOU MOUNT NEGATIVE UNDER SHAPSHOT—ALBUM with NUACE MOUNTING CORNERS**



No. 400 cost no more than inferior imitations

Available in Black, White, Gray, Green, Red, Sepia, Ivory, Pink, Blue, Vaseline, Gold, Silver, All 10¢ Stores, Drug, Camera & Dept. Stores

LOOK FOR NAME NUACE ON PACKAGING

## Don't Shoot Your Gas - Pump - Man!

He's a good guy! Sure... he'd hate to hear some careless driver smashed your car... you helpless... driving half blind from Wind shield Smear!

But it's your car! And you worry!

So why blame your good service man for not reminding you to let him replace your dulled windshield wiper blades... and your tired, twisted wiper arms... all now several years too old!

Once you remind him he'll proudly—and quickly—fit your car... with new ANCO RAIN-MASTER Blades and Arms... Sturdy... Good looking... Exclusive patented features—Used on our fighting Tanks and Trucks and Ships and Bombers too. Original equipment on many models of high-grade cars. Ready for you at nearly all good service stops. Because RAIN-MASTERS clean quicker, clean cleaner... last longer!

Be safer! Make better time on storms! Avoid costly smashups! Get RAIN-MASTER VISION CONTROL... next time you buy gas. Costs less than a simple fender repair.



Exclusive patents I own... design... built high... against the glass... for extra safety for safer driving... install now ANCO

**RAIN-MASTER**

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.  
**WINDSHIELD WIPER**  
**Blades and Arms**

Blades and arms for trucks and ships and bombers too

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Complete stock of all standard automotive products

## "SOAPING" DULLS HAIR HALO GLORIFIES IT!



Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it... leaves it shimmering with glorious dancing highlights.
2. Even finest soaps leave dingy soap-film on hair. But Halo contains no soap... made with a new type patented ingredient it cannot leave soap-film!
3. Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse... Halo rinses away, quickly and completely!
4. Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, in hardest water... leaves hair sweet, naturally radiant!
5. Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!
6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl!

Get Halo Shampoo today... in 10¢ or larger sizes.



REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR!

Next Week

## CRAZY WEATHER AHEAD!

3-inch hailstones, blizzards in April, snow and sweltering heat at the same time—and more freak weather to come! Read about the amazing weather predictions by Dr. Abbot, Smithsonian Institution astronomer, in "The Sun Gets Ready for a Rampage," in *The*

July 9 Issue of

**THE AMERICAN WEEKLY**

When the **HEAT** lays you low...  
here's a drink that perks you up  
while it cools you off!

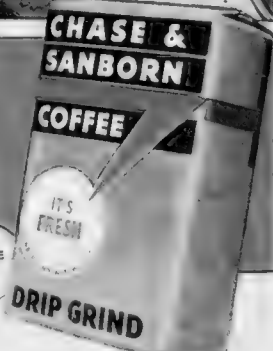


You come "back to life," you feel human again, after a glass of iced Tender Leaf Brand Tea. It cools you off, it perks you up, it helps you through the hottest day! Millions know Tender Leaf Brand Tea as the tea that tastes better! Here's outstanding richness and fragrance; here's tea at its best. Try it next time—and see how strongly the flavor comes right through the ice!

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FOR  
FLAVOR!



**TENDER LEAF TEA**







Moving War Goods gets  
clothes plenty dirty...  
**BUT DUZ DOES 'EM EASY!**

# DUZ does Everything

—ALL 3 KINDS OF WARTIME WASH!



**1** MY TOWELS BRIGHTEN THE BATHROOM NOW—CAN'T BEAT **DUZ** FOR GETTING 'EM REALLY **WHITE!**



**2** HURRAY FOR THOSE PEPPY **DUZ** SUDS... EVEN JIM'S WORK CLOTHES COME CLEAN **EASY!**

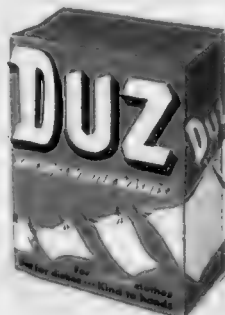
**3** YET **DUZ** IS SAFER FOR COLORS... EVEN FOR PRETTY **RAYON** UNDIES! HELPS CLOTHES LAST LONGER!



**DUZ does MORE!**

Want a soap that can't be beat for getting the dirtiest wash clean? Get **DUZ**! Want a soap that gets towels as white as soap can get them? Get **DUZ**! Want a soap that's safer, too? Get **DUZ**—it's safer for colors than any other leading wash-day soap! **DUZ** does more for you! **DUZ** does everything!

**A LITTLE DUZ A LOT...**  
that's why it's easy to make **DUZ** do more for you! Soap uses vital war materials, so use all you need—but don't waste any!



**White**  
**Oil**  
**3-IN-ONE**



**Sunbrite Cleanser**  
SAFE SPEEDY CLEANER

**FREES GRIT**  
I block that gritty surface film that clouds the brightness of your pots and pans! Sunbrite's fine-grained dirt remover safely cleans off the surface. It does it gleaming, spotless.

**CUTS GREASE**  
Sunbrite's efficient grease-cutting agent makes short work of old grease easily and safely... without stinging your hands or wearing out previous aluminum.

**ROUTS GERMS**  
Out they go, along with the grease and the fine emulsifying soap base in Sunbrite. Sunbrite purifies as it cleans!

Team up with Sunbrite in your War on Waste! It gives soap. And Sunbrite care means longer wear.

**ASK FOR SUNBRITE, SWIFT, SAFE, SPEEDY CLEANER**  
Size 8 says "I've earned 'I'm a War on Waste.'" Counted by Barbara Channing, Boston, P.I., on the back of a Sunbrite Label. She won't let her stove, sink, or anything else get away from her.

**Make it Last LONGER!**

Heavy Body 3-IN-ONE is MADE for electric refrigerators, washing machines, dryers, electric clothes, light electric motors, heaters, boiler for heavier duty. Use it periodically to cut down repair bills. Try it!

**HEAVY BODY "3-IN-ONE" OIL**

## Point-Saver Menus

**N**OT FEELING UP TO COOK? Here are some menus for the week. They are designed to save time and money. They are also delicious.

**MONDAY**  
Dinner: Beef and Liver Loaf, Mashed Potatoes, Green Beans, Apple Sauce.

**TUESDAY**  
Dinner: Chicken and Dumplings, Mashed Potatoes, Green Beans, Apple Sauce.

**WEDNESDAY**  
Dinner: Pork Chops, Mashed Potatoes, Green Beans, Apple Sauce.

**THURSDAY**  
Dinner: Beef and Liver Loaf, Mashed Potatoes, Green Beans, Apple Sauce.

**FRIDAY**  
Dinner: Chicken and Dumplings, Mashed Potatoes, Green Beans, Apple Sauce.

**SATURDAY**  
Dinner: Pork Chops, Mashed Potatoes, Green Beans, Apple Sauce.

**SUNDAY**  
Dinner: Beef and Liver Loaf, Mashed Potatoes, Green Beans, Apple Sauce.

**DINNER**  
Broiled Fish with Lemon, Parsley Potatoes, String Beans, Cabbage, Carrot Salad, Whole Wheat or Rye Bread.

**LUNCHEON**  
Butter or Margarine, Cup Custard, Cup Coffee or Tea, Milk or Cream.

Or for dinner substitute this delicious sauce for the fish. It's a delicious exception! Peel and core apples and lemon peel.

**Stuffed Sausage Roll**  
2 pounds bulk sausage  
2 cups bread crumbs  
2 cups diced raw onions  
2 small onions, minced  
Salt and pepper  
1 teaspoon minced lemon peel  
Pat the sausage on waxed

paper. Then scrape off the fat from the edge of the window and the frame.

**Screens**  
HOLES and tears in screening can be repaired with screen patches, available for a few cents at the hardware store. The protruding wires along the edges of the patches are merely slipped through the mesh and bent tightly on the other side.

**Two Fix It Ideas**

WHEN a damp weather has swollen the sash, don't try to force the window open with pushing, thumping, and perhaps a few ill-chosen words. Wait until a spell of fair weather allows the sash to dry out a little. Then open the window and coat its groove in the frame with soap, beeswax or paraffin.

If hardened paint is the villain, loosen it by running a knife point along

the edges. Then scrape off the paint from the edge of the window and the frame.

**Beef and Liver Loaf**  
1 pound lean beef  
1 pound ground beef  
2 eggs  
2 tablespoons melted fat  
1 cup catchup  
1 teaspoon salt  
1/2 cup onion, finely chopped  
1/2 cup pepper  
1/2 cup Worcestershire Sauce  
1 cup water  
1 cup oatmeal

Cook the pork chops in simmering water for 15 minutes. Then add the beef and liver. Combine this with the ground beef. Add the remaining ingredients. Toss together lightly, then bake in a greased loaf pan, or a 13x5x3 inch loaf pan, at 375 degrees F. for one hour. Delicious hot or cold, good as an addition to the tray of ready-to-serve meats, cheese and salad mixtures. Good sliced as sandwich filler.

**Huckleberry Dumplings**  
1 quart huckleberries  
1 cup sugar  
1/2 cup ground allspice  
1/2 cup water  
3 tablespoons fortified  
1/2 cup margarine  
1/2 cup pine only  
1/2 cup flour  
1/2 cup salt  
1 egg  
1 cup milk

Wash the berries. Mix the sugar, allspice and water and bring to boiling. Then add the lemon juice and berries. Simmer this for three minutes. Add the margarine.

Mix the dumplings by adding the flour, baking powder and salt together in a bowl. Beat the egg, add the milk, then add this to the mix. Mix gently. Drop by the spoonful into the simmering sauce. Cover the pan. Turn the heat low and continue to cook the dumplings and sauce, covered, for 10 minutes. Serves 12 to 14 twelve servings.

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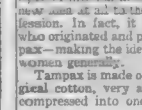
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There you have Tom Dewey, or—as next November's ballot will list him—Thomas E. Dewey.

No. The man who put the Hines type in penitentiaries and the Lepke type in electric chairs did not work for the presidential nomination the Republican Convention gave him last week.

Tom Dewey was too busy being the efficient

**By RUPERT HUGHES**  
Noted Historian and Biographer

and effective Governor of the country's biggest State. He had no time for other things, however important.

But he did have time—all the time in the world—for the individual man, the home and the family, which are the soul and heart of America.

So it was natural and logical that the storm of popular demand that made him his party's

standard-bearer should have come from them and not from the deeply entrenched forces of greed, oppression and corruption which he had defied and overthrown as district attorney, and held relentlessly in subjection as a chief executive responsive and responsible to the people.

John Bricker, who had hoped to be the nominee, appreciated this and admired Tom Dewey for it. Accordingly, he stepped aside, gave his support to the popular choice and thus earned a tremendous ovation and the irresistible demand that he serve as vice-president.

The New Deal has held power for more than 11 years and it has more (Continued on Page 2)

# Dewey Risked Own Life to Bust Vicious Racket Gangs

Continued from Page 1

than one reason for seeking a fourth term and after that a fifth and a sixth. The reason published is, of course, that the New Dealers are solely concerned with protecting the people.

Even if every New Dealer, from the top men down to the doorbell-ringer, were a saint at heart, with never a thought of personal benefit, the New Deal is guilty of many high crimes against the very soil of our nation.

It has openly and subtly flouted the Constitution. It has dared to offer us a new Bill of Rights. It has dangled Four Freedoms for all the world as a substitute for the 36 Freedoms guaranteed by our original Articles of Incorporation.

The New Deal has built up class war by stirring up race hatreds. It has turned labor against capital by slandering the latter and encouraging tyranny and dictatorship in the rulers of labor. It has packed the Judiciary and overriden the legislative branches until both are in revolt and torn by internal conflicts.

It has issued thousands of unauthorized directives and execu-



Candidate Dewey as a baby (from a family album).



This photo of Dewey appeared in his year-book at the University of Michigan.



The Deweys at their country home in Pawling, N. Y. Left to right, Mrs. Dewey, Thomas E., Jr., and Dewey holding "Canute." He was then governor-elect.

Above, Dewey at the age of 4, happy with a tricycle and without the thought of ever becoming a candidate for President.



Ma Dewey (above), who was thrilled to see her son accept nomination for presidency.

tive orders without waiting for legislative sanction, or in open defiance or sly evasion of what Congress has specifically forbidden.

It has ordered its own creatures to refuse to deliver even to the courts documents demanded by the courts. It has ruined big businesses and small, great reputations and humble good names, by making the same illegal boards prosecutors, judges, juries, and enforcement officers.

It has sent thousands of agents all about the world without license to spend vast sums of the people's moneys.

It has made its own law, its own lawyers, its own judges, and its own sheriffs. It has done its best to turn this Republic into an Autocracy with a bureaucracy of incredible extent.

Under the excuse of lifting the nation out of a world-wide depression, for which it imputed all the blame to the Republican Party, it built up an enormous debt of billions, and yet watched seventeen other nations climb out of the depression ahead of ours.

So false were the methods employed that, in spite of the artificial stimulus of billions borrowed from the future, a second depression was well under

way when a second World War befell us.

In any war there is bound to be great sacrifice of money, liberty, prosperity, legality. But the New Deal has turned voluntary surrender of individual rights into a dream of permanent regimentation and even, in Vice-President Wallace's expression, of "regimented thought."

On top of the tremendous expenditures cheerfully faced by all patriots, the New Deal has heaped billions of debts to pay for the upkeep of innumerable bureaus filled with employees of whom a great proportion are not a necessity but an impediment.

On top of all this, the New Deal has spent time and money preparing a world government in which all the peoples are to be capitalized, fed and controlled by a global New Deal.

These are supreme offenses against the spirit and the word of our laws. There is a crying need for the recapture and restoration of the principles and the procedures of this republic of laws, not of men. As Earl Warren said in his keynote speech: "We believe in indispensable principles. We do not believe in indispensable men."

NOW it is inconceivable that all this destruction of American ideals and practices, this torrent of expenditure, could have gone on without rampant corruption

and minor as well as major infraction of our laws.

Nobody could be so innocent as to believe that, beneath the long rule of the New Deal, all could be pure and free of mercenary selfishness. There is a wide and deep sea of corruption waiting for the light of day.

Not all of those countless billions have been spent without

some of them sticking to crooked fingers. Not all of those millions of federal employees and those innumerable bureaucrats have been making sacrifices with patriotic chastity.

Great numbers of the millions of Federal employees have been sacrificing the people and have been earning, most of them, far larger salaries as New Deal agents, than they could ever have earned outside.

There are laws forbidding the expenditure of money on publicity, yet tens of millions have been spent to justify the raw deals of the New Deal and to cover the earth with sheer propaganda aimed to reduce both soldiers and civilians into a complete trust in the altruisms of the New Deal.

IN LOCAL elections funds have been diverted to the districts involved and the most barefaced illegalities practiced to elect a New Deal henchman or to defeat and drive out of public life any opponent.

These and numberless criminal practices would never be investigated or acted upon if the New Deal were permitted to go on forever building new laws out of the wreckage of old ones, and recruiting an enormous army of retainers to fend off any investigation.

Once the people realize the extent of the lawbreaking, there will be a swift turn of the tide. The wreckers who would give us a new government of their own fabrication will find themselves out of office and under investigation by somebody beside their own officers.

When that show-down is followed by that show-up, the pub-



G. O. P. presidential nominee at his Pawling, N. Y., farm before he took over duties as New York governor.

# He Tempers Justice With Mercy

Continued from Page 2

He is going to be horrified by the revelations, aghast at their extent, and appalled by the bill that must be paid for this long excursion from the American way.

The great legal sensation of the next few years will be the American Ideal vs. the New Deal. The country will need the service of great lawyers, great investigators, great and fearless prosecutors. It has at hand a master of such skill in Dewey.

DEWEY has learned from experience how deeply political corruption can dig in, how hard it is to attack and uproot, how dangerous it is to approach. He has been threatened with assassination and has gone straight ahead to triumph. Dewey won his great political triumphs by winning first the trust of the people. The popular confidence in him has overwhelmed the objections of the practical politicians.

It has been my good luck to know Dewey personally and informally. Luckily for me, I met him as a friend, not as a defendant. I had never even seen Dewey till I was commissioned to write a serial biography of him for a magazine. It was afterwards published in book form under the title "Attorney for the People." That is how Dewey regarded himself from the first. And Heaven knows the people need an attorney now more than ever before.

I went to New York and spent three very busy months in close association with Dewey when he was District Attorney of New York County. I met his associates, secretaries, office boys, policemen, detectives, politicians, eminent lawyers.

I WENT through all his records, talked to people of every sort about him, studied the statements of his enemies and his victims and endeavored to gain a true picture of the whole man.

I visited his home town in Owosso, Michigan, had long



Thomas E. Dewey with members of his staff when he was district attorney and prosecuted members of the Dutch Schultz policy racket mob.



Republican chieftain shown as he took the oath of office which made him district attorney in New York. Administering the oath is Supreme Court Justice McCook.

talks with his wonderful mother, and with his neighbors. IN NEW YORK I was often at his apartment, and I visited the farmhouse which he later made his own.

It was especially refreshing to find that his home life was also his own with his very beautiful and talented wife and his two fine boys. It was heartening to find a man of such public life lucky enough to have a wife of such gracious charm and intel-

ligence and such an aversion to publicity and self-advertisement. They say that no man is a hero to his valet. He is apt to be far less a one to his biographer. Yet I can say in all honesty that, as a result of putting Dewey's career under a microscopic and associating with the man intimately over a prolonged period, I came to love Tom Dewey as warmly as I admire his intellect, his courage and his conservation to public duty. A more honest and sincere man and a more honorable and lovable man I have never met.

HE IS sometimes accused of being cold, of lacking humor, and of being a hard-boiled man of ruthless ambition. Such accusations are due to malice or ignorance. Latently they have been put forth in the frantic propaganda of political opponents who mark their fear of his immense popularity under a pretense of ridicule.

I can only protest that I found him a man of jovial humor, keen wit and ready and hilarious laughter. He is tender-hearted and his sense of justice is always tempered with mercy. As a prosecutor he was always intervening for some poor devil who had been trapped in a guilt he had not intended.

There is no class war in his heart or in his view of America. He sent to the penitentiary not merely panders, killers and gangsters, but also men like the millionaire Whitney, former president of the Stock Exchange, the high and potent Judge Mantel, the crooks who grew rich preying on the poor; and most conspicuous of all, Jimmie Hines, the boss of New York, the man to whom all the political patronage of our greatest city had been entrusted by the occupant of the executive mansion at Albany and the White House itself.

THE OVERTHROWING of that powerful and popular politician was something unbelievable. Jimmie Hines was one of those gay and laughing, popularity-hunting pals of the common people.

To attack him in vain meant that Dewey would only crush himself. He kept very secret his purpose until he had built up a gigantic mass of evidence. Then he struck. Everybody was dazed by Dewey's terrific proof that the idol of the public, the great leader of the Tammany party in the greatest city in the land, was taking a thousand dollars a week salary from the gangster Dutch Schultz for protecting him and his fellow gangsters in their tremendous daily robbery of the nickels and dimes of the poor.

Hines was corrupting judges, policemen, people of prominence who connived at most infamous oppression and conspiracy against the lives of decent people.

Dewey had his case all but won when he asked a certain question. Judge Pecora might have sustained an objection to it. Many jurists all over the country later said the question was legitimate and should have

Continued on Page 13

# Bricker Is Tolerant—Has No Patience With New Deal Theories

By Raymond Knotts  
Chief Editorial Writer for  
Chicago Herald-American

ONE THING JOHN BRICKER has no patience with is the New Deal theory that America is old and tired; that opportunity is no more.

He is not ordinarily an impatient man. On the contrary, he is tolerant and calm, but that notion always makes him simmer. He has never believed it for an instant.

How could he, since he is himself a perfect example of the flowering of American opportunity?

Not that he thinks of himself as any kind of living success story. He has just done the best he could every step of the way, serene in the belief that those who do their best will accomplish something.

I am sure he thinks in his heart that you or anybody could have done everything he has done, if it had chanced to be the thing you wanted to do.

America has provided the opportunities. For that Bricker is deeply and fervently grateful; not selfishly grateful just because there have been opportunities for himself, reverently and wonderingly grateful because the opportunities are here for everybody. He is not often vocal about that, but it emerges



GOVERNOR AND MRS. JOHN W. BRICKER  
The G. O. P. vice-presidential nominee and his lady.

indirectly in every other sentence of his talk.

BRICKER'S origin was not humble. It was simple but very solid. He was born, Sept. 6, 1893, on a farm in Madison County, O., near Mt. Sterling.

30-odd miles from Columbus. He was a twin, incidentally, and his sister Ella, now Mrs. Freeman Mooney, lives in Mt. Sterling.

Bricker's parents, Lemuel Spencer and Laura King Bricker, were children of pioneers.

The spirit of the pioneers lived in them and shaped their philosophies. They believed without question that what you wanted you must work for and what you got you must earn. They taught this to Bricker. He believed it, too. And he has lived by it. He believes it now.

Bricker's more remote ancestors, on the Bricker side, came to America in the 1760's from the Palatinate on the Rhine, crossing the ocean to find religious freedom. They settled in Maryland and Pennsylvania.

There is a Brickerville in Pennsylvania. Bricker went there a few weeks back, was welcomed by the sturdy people living there and was at home among them.

Bricker's mother's family, the Kings, were of Scotch, English and Irish pioneer descent. Self-reliance, then, was a basic tradition on which John Bricker was nourished, and he began to practice it early.

His first education was received in a one-room country school, and all his school days began and ended with chores on the farm. The Mt. Sterling High School came next—still with chores on the farm. Then Bricker turned his thoughts to the University of Ohio in Columbus.

But there was not enough money in the Bricker bank account for that. So he spent a year teaching a one-room school of the kind he had attended. He got \$45 a month for teaching. Another \$5 a month was to be

had by doing the janitor work, and Bricker took that, too.

IN 1912 he counted his money and enrolled at Ohio State. But he continued to live at home, commuting to school, still helping with the farm work. That way he went through the University. And it says something for his energy that he found time to be president of his class, president of the Y. M. C. A., captain of the debating team and catcher of the varsity baseball team.

Finishing his academic course in 1916, he entered the school of law and the next year passed the bar examinations. And then, like all the other young men of the land, he turned his thoughts to war.

The Army, the Navy, the Marines rejected him for a slow heart beat. But persistence is an eminent trait in the Bricker character. Finally he wangled a commission as athletic and morale officer. This was accomplished through an incredible process that included his temporary ordination as a minister of his Mt. Sterling hometown church so he could get into the Chaplain Corps. The Chaplain Corps was not so meticulous about heart-beats. Then he applied for a commission in the Artillery, but the war ended before he got it.

Back at the University to get

Continued on Page 13

SUNDAY ADVERTISER PICTORIAL REVIEW,  
BOSTON, SUNDAY, JULY 2, 1934—Page 3

ONE of the sad needs of society—or at least as it is recognized on this continent—is that when genius and fanaticism are merged in one individual, benefiting mankind on the one hand and hurting it on the other, genius must be curbed. As a general rule, we prefer to keep our more violent prodigies behind bars, at no matter what cost to their talents.

No one will question the wisdom of such a rule, and yet it seems to me that we have not been able to do better. Some day, no doubt when the science of dealing has accomplished another of its remarkable advances, we shall reach a condition whereby a homicidal genius will be relieved of the evil that is in him without depriving the good.

Just such a remedy being available on behalf of Robert Stroud, what, we might ask in awe and wonder, would have been his story, rather than the one that follows?

Stroud, one of four children, was born in Seattle, Wash., in 1882, and his first arrest came when he was 13. One account says he stole a quantity of brass, another that he pilfered some opera glasses. Subsequently he made his home in Juneau, Alaska, where his mother, Elizabeth, who had been deserted by her husband when Robert was 10, allegedly kept a bordello house.

THE lad's first really serious misstep happened in June, 1910, when he shot and killed Charles F. Damer, 48, a rival for the affections of Kitty O'Brien, described as a "dance hall girl."

Years later Stroud's mother, devastated the tragedy in these words:

"When he was only a boy of 18 a bad woman of the dance hall got him in her clutches. She was 40 years old. . . she had another lover, a bartender, a tough, bad man. He was jealous of Robbie and tried to kill him. Robbie killed him in self-defense.

"There were no witnesses. The woman was arrested for the killing. My poor boy, infatuated with her, under her influence, lost his chivalrous and brave, pleaded guilty to save her, and he was sentenced to serve 12 years at McNeil Island prison.

"The prosecuting attorney in that case afterward told me that he should never have been allowed to plead guilty, for it was self-defense, pure and simple."

In 1912, while at McNeil, Stroud quarreled with a fellow prisoner and stabbed him. One version said that Stroud had been caught smuggling opium into the prison and that he knifed the man who had informed on him. His mother's version:

"While Robbie was working in the prison kitchen, a big murderer, in his life, tried to beat him up and so Robbie cut the bully with a paring knife."

At any rate, Stroud lost his chances for a minimum sentence, and was transferred to Leavenworth federal prison in Kansas, on Sept. 5, 1912. For the next three years he seemed a model prisoner, devoting almost all his spare time to an intensive program of self-education. (Until then he had only three years of schooling.)

He took courses from the extension division of the Kansas State Agricultural College, and earned diplomas in mechanical drawing, engineering, music, theology, and two courses in higher mathematics. He began composing songs and writing lyrics for them; he became an accomplished violinist.

Stroud's capacity for study and learning amazed everyone in the prison. He became known as the most interesting prisoner ever to enter Leavenworth.

But there was another side to him.

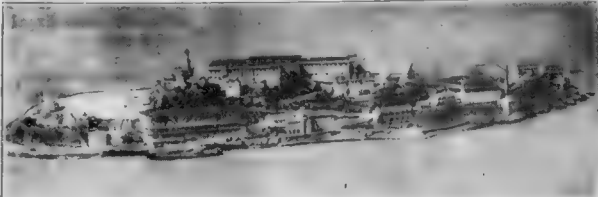
BUNDY ADVERTISER PICTORIAL REVIEW  
Page 4—BOSTON, SUNDAY, JULY 2, 1944

# Justice and the Lifer Of the Dread 'Rock'

By PETER LEVINS

ON March 26, 1916, he stabbed and killed Andrew F. Turner, a prison guard, in the mess hall while the 1884 inmates were at Sunday dinner. His weapon was a dagger made from a table knife. He had concealed it in a secret pocket which he had sewed into his clothing, and had carried it for nine months.

The guard once beat an old man into insanity," Elizabeth Stroud explained. "He took an intense dislike to Robbie. He taunted him, persecuted him."



View of Alcatraz Prison, to which Stroud was transferred after 30 years in Leavenworth. He was shifted to the dreaded "Rock" in San Francisco bay "because of serious breach of prison rules," after facing murder charges more than once.



Robert Stroud, lifer who became the most interesting prisoner ever to enter Leavenworth.

threatened to kill him, called him vile names."

Stroud himself said that the guard had called him a name just before the stabbing. Witnesses said that Stroud motioned the guard to the table to say something to him, and that the next thing they knew the guard was a bleeding corpse.

One month later Stroud was placed on trial. He had hardly any defense, while the prosecution had as their star witnesses five fellow prisoners who had been seated at Stroud's table. All these had been questioned in order that they might legally testify.

The jury returned a verdict of murder in the first degree, and Judge John C. Pollock sentenced Stroud to be hanged.

Judge Pollock had instructed the jury that a first degree verdict would mean the death penalty, but he had failed to instruct that the jury had the right to impose a qualified as well as an unqualified verdict. A qualified verdict, needless to say, provided that the death penalty should not be imposed.

The law giving that privilege to the jury was buried in a remote section of the statute books but Stroud's attorneys, retained by his mother, found the loophole, and succeeded in their appeal. A new trial was granted.

AT the second trial, the defense tried to introduce other convicts to testify in his behalf, but Judge J. W. Wood, rough of Omaha, who presided would not permit such testimony. Even so, one of the jurors voted for a qualified verdict, and could not be swayed by the other 11. In the end, Stroud received a qualified verdict, which meant life imprisonment.

Now the lawyers were satisfied, but not the prisoner. Again an appeal succeeded. But at the third trial, there was no quali-

ty and the sentence was again death. Subsequently the sentence was affirmed by the United States Supreme Court.

By now it was early 1920. The date of the execution was set for April 23.

Mrs. Stroud and the lawyers continued their struggle. The American League for the Prevention of Crime launched a campaign in the prisoner's behalf. Hundreds of letters and telegrams asked Gov. Henry Allen to intercede with President Wilson.

ON April 18, word came that President Wilson had commuted the sentence to solitary confinement for life.

As Stroud explained later, he now had something to live for, a consuming ambition to provide for his mother's old age. But now he was never to do that, locked up in solitary.

"At the conclusion, early in 1920, of my four years legal battle for existence," he later stated in a letter, "I faced the most difficult problem of my whole system of life and thought, the adaptation of myself to a life sentence in solitary confinement."

"Nor was that all. My mother had reduced herself to a factory hand that I might live. I needed cash to help her, but how to get it was a problem. It had been easy to sneer at death: it was not so easy to sneer at four blank walls of a solitary cell."

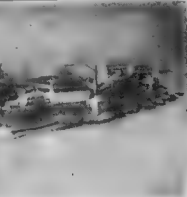
"To find under these circumstances a means of earning money seemed hopeless, even to much time offering obedience to the little word 'can't.' I was driven to this solution by the additional fact that it had become necessary for me to justify my existence to myself."

Stroud was looked upon, by those who had occasion to know him best, as a dignified, self-contained, and dignified man. It was easy for him to weep at the slightest kindness, an easy apparently, as it was to bury a malevolent dagger into a hated guard.

AN ordinary man would have despaired of finding a way to make money in a barren cell.

Let us see what Stroud accomplished. Procuring a child's box of paints and some Bristol board, he began making Christmas cards, which his mother sold. Thus encouraged, he began a study of painting which lasted six years, a study so intense that his eyes were strained nearly to blindness from working in the semi-dark cell.

During that time, he learned the use of pastels and oils, and did superior work in both. On his paintings, a reproduction of a classic portrait of Queen



Mrs. Elizabeth Stroud, whose efforts saved her son from being hanged for prison murder.

Louise of Prussia, hangs in the Mary Cotton Library in Sabath, Kan., a gift to her home town from Mrs. Cora Peck Finney, to whom Stroud had given the picture.

Stroud again was such a good prisoner that he was granted one hour a day in the "bull pen" outdoors. That privilege led him to what we might well call his life's work.

From time to time, young sparrows would fall into the pen and not have the strength to escape. Stroud would pick them up—and other inmates did—and toss them high enough to enable them to get over the wall.

One day, he took two chick sparrows to his cell and kept them, feeding them crumbs of his own food and training them. Then it occurred to him that he might as well be raising canaries for his mother to sell in Kansas City. That is, if the prison authorities would permit the project.

He got books on birds from the prison library and studied up on canaries. Months later, after he had proudly exhibited his pet sparrows on every possible occasion, he petitioned Warden T. E. White to allow him to procure a pair of canaries. The warden mulled it over, and finally, late in 1927, gave his consent.

THE birds thrived and multiplied. "Mrs. Stroud sold them, and soon quit her job in the casket factory." She sold the birds to both dealers and individuals. The prices to individuals were: for registered males, \$8 each; females, \$5; for unregistered males, \$6; females, \$2. To pet shops for registered males, \$45 a dozen, hen, \$12 a dozen; unregistered males, \$24 a dozen; hens, \$4 a dozen.

One might ask, how many canaries did he have on hand at one time, when things were going at their peak? The answer is that he had as many as 400.

As the money came in, Stroud ought looks about canaries and subscribed to bird journals, besides to point out, he had the veterinary to call in when a bird got sick. He had to learn how to be his own vet, and this he did. Indeed, in time he made himself, through his semi-dark cell at Leavenworth, one of the nation's authorities on bird diseases.

Stroud began writing for bird journals early in his canary-raising career. He won a prize in a story he entered in a contest run by one of these publications, the prize being a female silver canary donated by the owner, Mrs. Finney, a bird fancier then living in Pittsburgh. Stroud bought a male to mate with this bird and began breeding and raising silver canaries.

ON July 28, 1931, the prison board passed a rule which provided: "The conduct of outside business affairs by inmates, except to the extent specifically approved by the warden, is prohibited." This rule was not dictated at Stroud, but it was applied to him when he sought permission to print circulars and letterheads for conducting outside canary business.

It was decided that he could continue to raise the birds, but could not continue a business exclusively for himself. Profits from the sale of the birds were to be turned over to the prison fund for the benefit of the convicts, and Stroud would draw a salary which would amount to a percentage of the profits. Naturally, this was a blow to him, as well as to his mother, who died not long afterward, well in her 70s.

Public interest in this remarkable convict helped to procure for him enlarged quarters in the solitary ward early in 1932. He was given an extra adjoining cell for his birds.

At that time a newspaper article stated that Stroud was being allowed \$10 a month spending money, as well as permission to buy cutlery and other bird foods and supplies through the prison clerk's office. The same article stated, "It is believed he may obtain a microscope to aid in checking bird cures he has developed. An oculist will help Stroud to avoid eye injury from the artificial light under which he studies bird lore."

Between times, Stroud toiled away at a manuscript, "Diseases of Birds," and this eventually was smuggled out of his cell and published in 1932 by Powell, the bird editor previously mentioned. Later, the author charged, fruitlessly, that Powell had not paid him the promised royalties.

Meanwhile, strange as it may seem, a romance was developing in the life of this imprisoned prodigy.

YEARS before, Stroud had won a canary in a contest. The bird had been donated by a Kansas City widow, Mrs. Della May Jones, who began to correspond with him, and later to visit him. She also strove earnestly to obtain his release. And the upshot was that they wished to get married.

Stroud asked Warden Fred Zerbst for permission to marry

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# Tricky Monickers Never Hurt Models

By KATHERINE DONOVAN

## WHAT'S in a name?

Juliet asked this question of Rome, in Shakespeare's great drama of young and frustrated love, and Juliet answered her own question—that name means practically nothing.

But Harry Conover, who has glorified beautiful models as the late Ziegfeld glorified beautiful showgirls, disagrees with Juliet and the immortal bard. Conover believes, and has proved, that a name, and particularly a fancy and slightly fantastic first name, means fame and success and wealth for his glamour girls.

So he has thought up such distinctive names as Candy and Choo Choo, Lucky and Dusty and Chili and Melody and Toni. And in each case the girls who have been endowed with these names have gone on to glory in their profession.

CONOVER started a completely new trend in models when he insisted that his girls, instead of posing as aloof and unapproachable automatons of high fashion, must give the illusion of natural, healthy, vital charm. He wanted them to photograph, not as remote goddesses, but as human beings, with the warm and vivid appeal of their youth.

Conover decided that if names were what his girls needed for the success they deserved, it was up to him to dream up some really individual and unusual names. And this he proceeded to do.

There was a beautiful and talented girl who had once worked for him under the name of Eugenia Falkenburg. Her father had nicknamed her Jinx, and she had adopted this pet name and had made a notable success in motion pictures. Conover wondered if perhaps the name wasn't responsible for the fame of Jinx Falkenburg.

One of his loveliest models bore the unexciting name of Violet Lynch. Conover called her into his office one day and informed her that from then on she was Choo Choo Johnson. As Violet, she had been mildly

successful; at Choo Choo, she became a sensation.

FIGURING that he had the right formula, Conover turned his attention to a girl named Asa Wilcox. After considerable thought, he came up with the name Candy Jones.

Candy Jones, nee Jessica Wilcox, proud of her new name and a publicity and success it has brought her. She cooperates with enthusiasm in keeping her name before her public. She has comic cards with peppermint sauce, and match folders of the same design, with her name inscribed inside, and she sends them out by the cartons to her admirers.

Next on Conover's name list was Eugenia Thompson, who overnight became Melody Thompson. Conover had a rea-



Above, Dusty Anderson, the glamorous model, whose name was Ruth Anderson before Harry Conover selected the more catchy Dusty.



Gloria Dalton, one of the best-known Conover models, shown with Conover himself, whom she married.



This attractive young lady was Violet Lynch before her name was altered to Choo Choo Johnson by Harry Conover, an expert in devising attractive and exciting names. The name Choo Choo brought fame.



Candy Jones, who once was plain Miss Jessica Wilcox. The new name helped.

one likes.

Conover had a bit more trouble with a sparkling charmer named Ruth Anderson. After going into a mental huddle with himself, he emerged with the monicker of Dusty.

A STATUESQUE blonde named Marion Sorenson was next on the list. Marion was in considerable demand as a model, but Conover believed that with a new name she would achieve new conquests. He named her Chili Williams—and Chili has already gone a long way in conquering both Broadway and Hollywood.

When Gertrude Bernhard ap-

plied for a job at the agency, Conover had a new name all ready for her. He wanted her to be known as Lucky Seven, but Gertrude thought that was a bit too much of a gamblin'. Between them, they settled on Lucky Saunders, and sure enough, Lucky has been lucky.

The impresario thought up another name in advance, and when Helen Hamelin came to work for him, he was all prepared with Linker Young. Helen herself suggested an improvement, and with the alteration of only one letter she became Ticker Young.

Conover says that his name formulas have a psychological basis. The nickname, he says, must be simple but striking, and the surname must be well known, with an appeal to thousands who bear the same name.

"Take the case of Choo Choo Johnson," he says. "Choo Choo is something that everyone remembers from childhood. It's almost the first word that most babies learn. It's an expression that's firmly fixed in the minds of nearly everyone. It's easy to remember and it's family conical, which makes it even easier. "And Johnson is one of the commonest names in the country. All the Johnsons subcon-

sciously identify themselves with Choo Choo when they see her picture, and they take an unconscious pride in her beauty and success. And the coupling of the incongruous nicknames with the common surname fixes the girl's identity in the minds of those who see her."

CONOVER points out the notable success of many film stars who have changed their names to a more euphonious combination. Classic examples of these, he says, are Lucille LeSueur, who became Joan Crawford, and Lily Caulson, who became Claudette Colbert.

And another example is the erstwhile Phyllis Isley, who held her own on stage and screen until she became Jennifer Jones, and achieved the Academy award and a prized "Oscar" as the poignant and appealing Bette nadiette of the films.

There's a lot in a name, Conover insists—it may make all the difference between oblivion and fame. He's proud of his "Cover Girls"; proud of their beauty, their talent and their success. And he's particularly and personally proud of these names, because he thought them up all himself.

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Chili Williams, whose name once was Marion Sorenson.

son for that name, too. A pretty girl, he points out, is like a Melody.

Then it was the turn of a young beauty named Anne Parkinson, who had a fairly distinc-

tive name to start with, but it became even more so when Conover christened her professionally as Toni Fortune. He says that Toni has a gay lift, and that Fortune is something that every-

# Stars' Altar Treks Jar Film Tycoons

**MOVIE** moguls are getting the jitters over the way their high-salaried stars are falling in love and marrying lads in uniform.

Latest victim of the war-time Dian Cupid is Anna Lee, one of the screen's most promising young stars, who has married Capt. George H. Stafford, U. S. Army pilot.

Like Carole Landis and many another star, Anna went to North Africa last year to help entertain our troops. The troupe was transported by plane. The pilot looked at Miss Lee, she looked at him and they were both blizzed.

"We picked June 29 because that is the anniversary of our meeting," she explains starry-eyed. "It happened in a C-47 transport at an altitude of 8,400 feet. I haven't been down to earth since."

Which is all very lovely and romantic, and why not? Anna is a young and charming British girl who has developed into a star. Capt. Stafford was a 24-year-old Yank who had been Gen. Mark Clark's personal pilot in the Mediterranean combat area.

**B**UT the Hollywood executives are apprehensive as they chalk off another war-time romance on their star list. Take Anna Lee, for instance. They have spent time and money building her up, and she proved so worthy of the trouble that she is now an important investment.



So many glamour stars are trekking to the altar they are causing headaches to their movie bosses. Add one more as Anna Lee shifts from movie career to one of domesticity.

No one heard much about her for the first few years after she came here as a British Gaumont player, to play minor roles in American films. She became a feature actress, and the public began to ask about her. Moving steadily upward, she

was playing leading roles opposite Hollywood's top-rank leading men when the war came.

Now she doesn't care what leading man she gets, or how big her name appears on the marquee. She is concerned only with a pair of khaki-clad shoulders, and as tremulous a bride-elect as any ordinary girl.

So the movie studio executives are holding their heads. If the stars want to marry movie actors or directors, they don't worry. But what is

going to happen if, after the war, these soldier husbands want their wives to just settle down in some remote town and raise a family? So they mutter and muse.

There was Carole Landis, one of the "Four Girls in a Jeep." Carole went overseas to entertain the boys, too, and she met Capt. Thomas C. Wallace of the U. S. Army Air Forces. They were married in England, with all the traditional trimmings of a military wedding.

Then there was Ginger Rogers, whose marriage to a soldier has brought her more happiness, she says, than she ever knew. There is another star of long standing whose name is Loretta Young. She is now the wife of Col. Tom Lewis, advertising executive before the war.

The producers don't object to love and marriage, and of course they like servicemen.

Most of their best actors are now working for "Uncle Sam." They approve heartily of the marriage of Marjorie Reynolds to Lt. Jack Reynolds because Jack, in civilian life, is an executive in filmland. They are also proud of Rosalind Russell's happy marriage. Her husband, Capt. Fred Brisson, was an actor agent.

The Anna Lee and the Carole Landis romances are different. Maybe the girls will wind up just being wives and mothers. That's a postwar problem the girls will have to solve themselves.

## Noted Ballerina Insures Her Tootsies for \$100,000

**IRINA BARONOVA**, one of the greatest ballerinas of our day, has insured her toes for \$10,000 each, making a grand total of \$100,000 valuation on her tootsies.

It's not just a publicity stunt, either. As a matter of fact, it makes just as much sense for Baronova to insure her toes as it does for a business man to have his building and stock insured.

Irina's legs are beautiful, far more beautiful than those of most dancers. Her shapely limbs are very valuable . . . not just because tired business men will cheerfully pay \$4.00 a seat to gaze on them, but because to her they are as important as an arm is to a big-league baseball pitcher.

**T**HIS insurance of the body beautiful is not new. Probably the first glamour girl to think of it was Mistinguette, the provocative French star who insured her limbs for \$1,000,000. Eve Tanguay, too, insured her pretty pedal extremities for a tremendous sum.

It made for excellent space in the newspapers, and the opportunity to run pictures of said members, clad in black silk stockings in those days. And the cash customers who carried only a few hundred dollars, insurance on their own complete ensembles went in droves to see these "million-dollar legs."

Baronova, however, is in a class with the great artists

who have paid premiums for years to protect the means of their livelihood. Rachmaninoff had his hands insured; great opera stars now protect themselves against the loss of their golden voices.

Dave Oppolun, a well-known comedian, once insured his Russian accent, of all things! His accent was an important factor in his performance.

After carrying a \$100,000 policy for some years he dropped it, for he showed no signs of talking like an American.

**EDDY DUCHIN** insured his melody-making fingers for

ing trio that is sort of a feminine Ritz Brothers act, are insured for \$75,000 (\$25,000 each) against their act breaking up because of marriage, death or unsightly argument. Policies come high on this kind of contract, naturally. So it is not surprising that a

reward, as that of a ballet dancer. The Marilyn Millers, the Eleanor Powells, all have had some ballet, but primarily they were just superb dancers. Fred Astaire shows the result of considerable ballet training, as does Paul Draper.

**B**UT the Russian Ballet is something else again. These young men and women start when they are children to study and practice hours daily. When you see Baronova leaping lightly into the air, landing on her toes, spinning and whirling like a feather, you know it is beautiful, but you don't see the years of rigid exhausting exercises that produced that beauty.

She has been dancing since she was 7 years old. Born in St. Petersburg, she was taken to Bucharest in infancy and began her training there. She was taken into the Ballet Russe at 12 and soon after became its principal dancer. Before coming to New York with the Ballet Russe as premier danseuse, Baronova had danced her way through the capitals of Europe. She is the wife of Jerry Sevastianov.

Those ten pretty toes of Irina are now twinkling in a Broadway musical show. In late years, more and more ballet dancers have been included in the Broadway revues . . . and they are naively amazed at what an easy life show business is outside of the ballet. But they still keep up their hours of practice a day, even when they reach stardom.

So in case a stagehand should drop a prop on Baronova's phenomenal toes, she can collect insurance. And if a taxi crash should break one of those lovely legs, it would also break her heart, but at least she will eat regularly in her old age.



Ballet Star Irina Baronova (above) and her beautiful dancing legs (left), the toes of which she values at \$10,000 each, and are insured for that amount.

\$100,000 and announced that he was negotiating to take a similar policy on his feet because of his expert use of the piano pedals. Then the war came, and Eddy decided the best insurance for us all was to beat Hitler, so he joined the Navy.

The Murligh Sisters, a singing

ballet dancer should be willing to pay out good money annually to protect her toes. They not only represent her career, but also years of grueling work and training.

Probably no job in the world requires as much self-discipline, and promises as little financial

# Gay Holiday Weekend At the Summer Spots

By ALICE WILLIAMS

Quite a bit of gaiety at the various shore and country spots, where our socialites are relaxing over the long holiday week-end.

In former years the Glorious Fourth always wound up in a blaze of glory (colorful fireworks) around and about at private estates, beach and country clubs. That sort of entertainment is banned for the duration . . . but there will be sorts of holiday house parties all along the North and South shores, as well as the Cape . . . all very gay and informal, of course.

And gala Independence Day celebrations will be held at all the exclusive yacht and beach clubs drifting our New England shore from the tip of Cape Cod to Maine's ever so swishy Bar Harbor.

NATURALLY, if the sizzling heat of the past week continues the beach clubs at Swampscott, Manchester and Singing Beach at Manchester, will be extremely popular spots, with our smart North Shores entertaining at picnic swimming gatherings, and the young fry indulging in water sports. It looks now as though the Caving at Magnolia . . . popular night spot for our smart set . . . is not going to open again this season, in spite of earlier reports to the contrary.

And for the first time in many years, the usual "night

the weekend, and the Wianco Club and Oyster Harbors Club down on the Cape will be buzzing with activity.

Among our prominent socialites summering at Wianco are Dr. and Mrs. Fritz Talbot and their daughter, Mrs. Calvin H. Plimpton, of Brookline, who are at their place on Wianco avenue. Week-ending there are Mr. and Mrs. William V. T. Ipp, Jr. of Chestnut Hill, who, with their three youngsters, will join the smart colony for the month of August. Also there for the holiday are Mr. and Mrs. John Moir of Chestnut Hill.

Mrs. James J. Phelan of Beacon st. will not open "Ledge-wood," her palatial North Shore estate on Smith's Point, Manchester, again this year, due to the help and gas situation. She and her daughter, Patricia (Mrs. Paul Anthony Lyons), departed yesterday for the New Ocean House at Swampscott, where they will remain for the entire month of July, and while there will think up some other delightful spot for their August vacationing. Ginny Phelan Jorgensen (Mrs. Reid) and her young son, Reid, Jr., have been here from Washington, D. C., guesting at the Phelan apartment, leaving last Sunday for Minnesota to join Capt. Jorgensen.

Mr. and Mrs. William A. McCarthy of Belmont are at their North Scituate summer place for the remainder of the torrid season, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Mulcahy of Brookline, with their daughters, Jean (Mrs. Harry V. Keefe, Jr.) and Frances, are at their North Scituate residence. The Frank O'Donnells of Needham, and their sub-deb daughter, Maureen, have also joined the smart North Scituate colony, opening their attractive water-front home early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Doherty of Winchester, with their children, John and Mary-Jane, are encoined at their West Harwich home, and with them for the season is Miss Marguerite Forbes, Mrs. Doherty's sister.

SNAPSOTS—Priscilla Tate and Elisabeth Gill of Belmont at the Copley-Plaza's Oval Room . . . smart green and white plaid seersucker fitted suit on the former . . . orchids with Elisabeth's aqua gabbardine . . . Mrs. Wilbur S. Grant strolling along Beacon, enroute to the Women's Republican Club . . . flowered chapeau with her dark ensemble . . . Mary and Betty Graham at the Paramount with two of Uncle Sam's soldier boys Mrs. C. C. Chaucery Gray

. . . in smooth black outfit . . . totting Junior League publicity around to the newspaper offices . . . Barbara Ginn . . . the Edwin Ginn's tall, blonde and blue-eyed debutante . . . chatting with a young naval officer in the Ritz Carlton lobby . . . Kitty Pentecost . . . one of our most attractive young socialites . . . lunching at Schrafft's on Boylston . . . Mrs. Henry Dubois Tudor and Mrs. David Evans at the Cambridge Summer. Theater, also glimpsed Mrs. Mabel Bell, Mrs. John Sillak and the glamorous Anne Griess . . . Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell dining at the Sheraton Roof . . . the latter wearing a smart black sheer, gardenias in her dark locks.

MR. AND MRS. BEN P. P. MOSELEY of Commonwealth are domiciled at "Azalea House," their Ipswich summer spot. With them for most of the vacation season will be their daughter, Ellen (Mrs. Oliver Ames, Jr.), one of our outstanding young socialites.



THESE CHARMING young Junior League "provisionals" are Joan Elizabeth Kuebler and Patricia Saltonstall, both prominent in the post-deb set. Joan . . . a most attractive blonde . . . is the daughter of the George J. Kueblers of Beacon st. She curtsied to the elite two seasons ago, and is now carving out a career for herself in the art world. In her spare time she serves in a Red Cross mobile unit. Dark-eyed Patricia . . . a student at Smith College . . . is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip L. Saltonstall of Los Angeles.

## Chinese Film of Interest

COURAGEOUS CHINA'S "Double Seven" commemorating the seventh anniversary of China's bitter war against Japan, on the seventh day of the seventh month will be observed next Friday when the picture, "Here is China" will be shown at New England Mutual Hall. There is no admission charge, by the way.

Consul K. S. Wong and his attractive wife will be on hand to officially welcome arriving guests, and in the receiving line will be also Mr. and Mrs. Allan Forbes, Mrs. Augusta W. Hartt, Mrs. Richard Hobart, Mrs. William Brace Pratt and many others active in United China Relief.

Members of the Chinese Benevolent Ass'n will have active charge of the arrangements at the hall, where Dr. Y. C. Yang, president of Sochow University, China, and director of the Chinese News Bureau, will give a brief and colorful speech on conditions in China.

The picture will portray China's gallant fight against the Japanese military machine for the past seven years and will give such a vivid and realistic portrayal as only actual scenes can offer. The China that existed before Nippon's vicious hordes attacked the peasant, the laborer, the fisherman, the school child, these, too, will be shown.

Governor and Mrs. Leverett Saltonstall and Lieut.-Gov. and Mrs. Horace T. Cahill are among those who will attend.

## Anne Beatty to Head Corps

ALONG COMES announcement from Miss Harriet Robeson, chairman of volunteer special services of the Red Cross, that Anne B. Beatty of Charles st. has been appointed chairman of the hospital and recreation corps of the Boston Metropolitan Chapter, to succeed Mrs. Hart Fessenden.

Miss Beatty, vice-chairman of the corps for the past six months, was formerly in charge of student employment at Harvard. For two years she has been assistant to the director of service clubs for Greater Boston's USO.

On Tuesday, July 11, a concentrated Red Cross Gray Lady course, to train women in nursing, hospital work, will begin under her.



JEAN COCHRANE . . . one of our important young socialites . . . is a charming member of the bride-elect set. Her engagement to Robert B. W. Chatfield, USNR, was recently announced by her mother, Mrs. Dudley L. Pickman, of Commonwealth ave., and Beverly Farms. Jean curtsied with last winter's bud flock, and belongs to the Vincent Club.

Spending the long holiday week-end in the Berkshires are Mr. and Mrs. Edwin L. Morrison of Beacon st. and their twin sons, Ricky and Jerry.

Departing tomorrow for the West Coast to join her lieutenant husband will be Mrs. Lawrence Fitzpatrick . . . the former Muriel Grady . . . of Weston.



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## Sabbath Wedding

ROSAMOND ROBINSON walks altarward in St. Clement's Church, West Somerville, this afternoon to exchange marriage vows with Robert J. Scannell, U. S. Army, third-year student at Tufts Medical School.

Mrs. Robert Harry officiates at the 4 o'clock ceremony, assisted by Capt. Leonard J. McAleer of the Army Chaplain Corps. The reception will be held in Packard Hall at Tufts.

Today's bride . . . daughter of the John H. Robinsons of West Somerville . . . will be gowned in shimmering ivory satin, fashioned with full train and ruffles of orange blossoms. The long tulle veil will be semi-wreathed in orange blossoms, and she will carry a cascade bouquet of white orchids and stephanotis.

Lt. Phyllis Robinson, WAC, is to be her sister's only attendant. She will replace her snappy army uniform with a gorgeous frock of aqua satin topped by a headpiece of matching tulle and flowers to match her bouquet of American Beauty roses.

Richard Mahoney, Navy medical student at Tufts, best man for the bridegroom, whose ushers will be his classmates Joseph Kennedy and John Holmes.

Miss Robinson, a member of the class of '43 at Jackson College, is staff dietician at Station Hospital, Ft. Banks, Winthrop. Mr. Scannell . . . son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Michael Scannell of Boston . . . was graduated from Tufts before entering medical school.

## Eugenia Langell Bride-Elect

A JULY wedding is being planned by Eugenia Langell, whose engagement to Lionel Nadeau, USA, has been announced by her mother, Mrs. Isabelle J. Langell of Winthrop.

The bride-elect will be graduated in October from the New England Baptist Hospital school of nursing. Her fiance, son of Adolphe Nadeau of Waterville, Me., recently returned from active overseas duty with the paratroopers.

JEAN PERRY STINSON is a brand-new member of the bride-elect set. Her engagement to Samuel Jefferson Mason, 3d, was announced during the week by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roy A. Stinson of West Newton. Mr. Mason, son of Mrs. Samuel Jefferson Mason and the late Mr. Mason of Ruxton, N. J., was graduated from Rutgers University in '42 and is a member of Tau Beta Pi fraternity.

Helen and Edith Graham, who have been visiting in New York and Washington the past week, are week-ending at Harwood, where they are guests of Eleanor Murray, their classmate at Trinity.

## A Beautiful Figure is the Envy of Every Woman

You, too, can have a beautiful figure, if you give a little time toward it. You can lose 10 to 15 lbs. a month and 2 to 4 inches in measurements. For further information consult Madame Yvonne. We will be glad to give a free consultation.

YVONNE'S  
BEAUTY CENTRE  
427 Tremont Street, BUA 2846  
Open 9 A. M. to 8 P. M.



MRS. HENRY KIRKE CUSHING . . . the former Marjorie Estabrook . . . is one of the bright and shining lights of the Chestnut Hill Canning Kitchen, operated by an energetic group of prominent Chestnut Hillers, under the direction of Mrs. John H. Cunningham, in the old firehouse on Heath st.

before the Fourth" party will not be held down at the very old Myopia Hunt Club at Hamilton.

EXCLUSIVE Eastern Yacht over in Marblehead Neck will be gay over the long holiday week-end. Activities started with exciting races yesterday afternoon . . . tomorrow evening begins the weekly "movie" for the season, preceded by a buffet dinner.

Marblehead's other swishy yacht club . . . the Corinthian . . . is going to celebrate in a big way . . . opening last night with a brilliant dinner dance, under the chairmanship of Daniel R. Watson, assisted by Mrs. Reginald Smithwick, Hope Naves, Barbara Connolly, Emily Johnson, Marjorie Watson, Priscilla Hayward and Leora Marvin.

THE FAMOUS Reading Room at York Harbor will be the setting for lots of luncheon, cocktail and dinner gatherings over

## Boston Social Whirl

By THE CHAPERON

**FIRST WASHES TO S I C MARGARITA ("CISSY" to her pals) Madden of the WAVES whose engagement to Lt. Walter Nichols, Jr., USNR, was a midweek announcement by her mother, Mrs. T. Richard Madden of Jamaica Plain.**

"Cissy" . . . one of our young tanning starlets . . . schooled at Winsor and the Anna Head out in San Francisco . . . she made her social bow a couple of seasons back. Following her presentation year she entered Smith College, leaving in her junior year to join Uncle Sam's WAVES, and is now stationed in our national capital.

Lt. Nichols . . . son of Bishop Walter Nichols, prepped at Kent School and attended Harvard College before entering the service. He is now on duty at Pearl Harbor.

ONE OF June's loveliest brides was Muriel Frances Schmidt, who murmured her "I do and I will" to Henry Martin Toczykowski via a mid-morning ceremony in St. John the Evangelist Church, Winthrop, with Mgr. Richard J. Quinlan, pastor of the church, officiating at the nuptial mass. Ensuing reception at Longwood Towers.

Muriel . . . given in marriage by her dad, Charlie Schmidt (of the Record-American-Sunday Advertiser art staff) . . . wore a simple but exquisite gown of white marquisette, fashioned with long, full sleeves, voluminous skirt and sweeping train . . . the bridal veil fell in soft folds



Mrs. Henry Toczykowski  
—Bachman Photo

from a tiny headdress of seed pearls and she carried white crochets. The bride's only adornment was a slender platinum chain from which hung a cross of pearls, which belonged to her great-grandmother, the late Mrs. John O'Connor.

A half-dozen charming attendants preceded the former Miss Schmidt altarward . . . Mrs. William N. Egan, Anne Toczykowski, Dorothy Donohoe, Betty Lehr, Virginia Ingersoll and Marguerite McCabe. They were all costumed alike in white marquisette topped by calots, and they carried cascade bouquets of American beauty roses.

The bride's mother wore Erin green hat and accessories with her chauffeur's frock, corsaged in brown and green orchids. Muriel and her bridesmaids are honeymooning in the Adirondacks, and upon their return will make their home in Arlington, where "Toz," former Boston College football ace, is a member of the teaching staff and football coach at Arlington High. Muriel attended Lasell Junior College and was graduated from Maryland's College for Women.

A FASHIONABLE wedding over in New York with a definite Boston angle, was that of Patricia Van Schaack Pruyn (daughter of John Bayard Pruyn of New York and Mrs. John A. Williams . . . the former Mrs. Pruyn . . . of San Mateo, Cal.) and John Cutts Storey, son of

Mrs. Richard C. Storey of Milton.

The chantry of St. Thomas Episcopal Church on New York's Fifth ave was the setting for the late afternoon ceremony on Thursday at which Rev. Dr. Rosell H. Brooks, rector, officiated, assisted by Rev. Glyn Thomas of St. Paul's Church, Kinderhook, N. Y. The reception . . . small and informal . . . took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Irwin H. Cornell on E. 66th st.

The bride . . . given in marriage by her father . . . carried an ivory-bound prayer book with marker of white orchids with her bridal satin and tulle veil coroneted in rose point lace.

Mrs. Gordon Parker Manning and Anne Lawson, both of Kinderhook, were the bride's attendants. They were frocked alike in rose chiffon and carried old-fashioned bouquets of African daisies and larkspur.

Sgt. Samuel Dennis Warren, USAF, of Essex on the North Shore, was best man for Mr. Storey, whose ushers included Lt. Charles F. Woodward, of USMC, of Framingham, and Lt. Francis S. Woods, USNR, of Albany, N. Y.

The bride is a University of California graduate, and her husband was graduated from Harvard with the class of '35, and from Harvard Law School. While at college he was a member of the Porcelain Club.

ANOTHER NEW YORK bride of interest here is that of Mrs. Beatrice B. Jennings of Bedford Hills, N. Y. (daughter of Mrs. Marion C. Black and Witherbee Black of NYC), and Lt. Com. Theodore Glover Bremer, Jr., USNR, which took place early in the week in the chapel of the Central Presbyterian Church, with Rev. Gale Winston Engle officiating.

Mrs. W. Jennings was her mother's only attendant and Sewall H. Fessenden, Jr., was best man. A small reception for members of the immediate families was held at the Park ave. residence of Mrs. Brooks Howe.

Mrs. WILLIAM DANA ORCUTT is just back from New York, where she completed arrangements for her popular "Mornings of Diversion" series, slated for opening on November's very first day in New England Mutual Hall.

Mrs. Orcutt also disclosed the interesting news that the entire costs of a field ambulance was raised at her "afternoon" of diversion, held recently in NEMH, at which Mrs. Mark W. Clark (wife of our 5th Army general) gave a most entertaining talk concerning the war.

The fully equipped ambulance is now in service over in Italy, and bears the plaque, "Donated by the Mornings of Diversion Group and Friends, May 4, 1944."

**Mrs. Crowninshield Club Hostess**

MRS. FRANCIS B. CROWNINSHIELD will entertain members of the Marblehead Garden Club on Wednesday at "Seaside Farm," her Peaches Point summer place. Mrs. Guy M. Whipple, club president, will conduct the business session.

The Garden Club and Arrangers of Marblehead are sponsoring the annual Marblehead Community Flower Show, set for July 28 and 29, in Abbot Hall. Plans for the Garden Club's service to hospital serving the armed forces



AT THE HOTEL BEACONSFIELD . . . the Massachusetts Catholic Women's Guild . . . (l. to r.), Mrs. Cornelius J. Sheehan, chairman of Brockton, Loretti W. Quinlan, Whitman, and Margaret L. Sullivan, Rosindale . . . will hold their annual vacation outing on next Saturday afternoon.

## Gala Scituate Fair Opens Summer Season

SCITUATE CENTER was the scene of a gala church fair yesterday when the First Parish Church officially opened the summer season with the annual fiesta held under the capable guidance of Mrs. Louis E. Cole of Greenbush, as chairman.

Members of the very active committee included Mrs. Ann Harper, Mrs. Paul Jenney, Mrs. Priscilla Turner, Mrs. James Harris and Muriel Bonney.

A fascinating auction was held by Mr. and Mrs. Mueller, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Traeger and Mrs. William Erbb. Mrs. Eleanor Brown served as chairman of the supper, assisted by June Hendrickson and Lorraine Abbott.

Other members who lent their support were Mrs. Allerton Bonney, Mrs. Will Irwin, Mrs. Harry Stenbeck, Mrs. William Damon, Mrs. A. Merritt, Mrs. Stuart Cooper, Mrs. Ruth Meyers, Mrs. Emma Dammon, Mrs. Ella Waterman, Mrs. W. O. Andrews, Mrs. Hannah Bonney, Jean Prouty, Brenda Harwood, Mrs. Frank Weymouth, Mrs. Amelia Locklin, Mrs. Vivian Mulvey, Priscilla Bonney and Constance Holland.

**Ardith Korelitz Is Bride of Army Man**

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Edward Korelitz of Mattapan, announce the recent marriage of their daughter, Ardith, to S/Sgt. Jacob Sugarman, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Sugarman.

The bride is a graduate of Damon Hall Junior College, Newton, and attended Boston University, College of Business Administration.

Mr. Sugarman received his Bachelor of Laws degree prior to entering the armed forces, and is with the Quartermaster Corps.

### Escape Gray Hair

Simply wet it with Canute Water. A few applications will completely re-color it similar to its former natural shade. In one day if you wish. Your hair will retain its naturally soft texture and shining, new color even after shampooing, curling or waxing.

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- No other product can make all these claims.

Net 8 Appl. Box \$1.15 at drug stores

Leading dealer in most of America's largest cities sell more Canute Water than all other hair colorings combined.

## Beauty

By RUTH MUGGLEBEE

**DOCTORS TELL** us there's a delicate affinity between the hair and the complexion, and that if your scalp is in a radiantly healthy condition it is 10 to 1 your facial skin will be free from external blemishes.

So, by logical reasoning, simple as it is, there is only one thing to do—keep the hair lustrous and immaculately clean, and the scalp free from dandruff or unhealthy richness, with a deluxe hair shampoo to guarantee such sparkling topings.

In summer time, it is necessary to indulge in more frequent shampoos, what with the ocean's salt water getting into our locks, the sun drying our hair and our scalps, and the general perspiring condition which makes a head itchy, often times, and sticky. For the scalp must not be permitted to collect any residue, induced by the accumulation of dust and heat and active respiratory glands.

Since glistening strands are not enough, we must use a shampoo that also acts as a scalp conditioner. There is just such a shampoo, an oil washing compounded from the purest castile base and eight vegetable oils that will fulfill your aspiration for a clean, healthy, luxuriant head of hair.

Cost-to-cost favorite that this 8-oz. shampoo is because of its scientific formula, it will benefit your hair and scalp for the goodness of your complexion. The woman responsible for this wonderful shampoo was herself bald until the age of 32. Child of a medical family, her relatives searched for a hair formula that would achieve their purpose and today this woman is a noted authority on the cure of the scalp and hair.

Men and women alike need the remedial effectiveness of this shampoo. One tablespoon for one lather is all you need; and two latherings do a superb job. Urge the men in your family to try it too, especially if they are swim fans and the salt water gets into their hair constantly.

For the name of this grand oil hair shampoo, phone the Beauty Dept., LIBERTY 4000, or write Mrs. C. E. of the Sunday Advertiser, inclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

special clearance  
**SALE**

Non-dyed  
AERIAL CLOGS

3'98  
selling \$8.98

They're colorful . . . exciting . . . different . . . wear 'em on the beach . . . with your pajamas . . . dancing . . . but wear 'em

Black braes  
new and extra  
with grey braes  
\$1.00 each  
Mail orders  
send check now

**wilbar's**

166 TREMONT ST.  
1300 Beacon St., Brookline



## Shore and Country

By THE RESORTER

ANOTHER SUMMER SEASON GETS OFF TO A flying start with the long holiday week-end giving it a proper send off. And while the old-time celebrations are out for the duration, Bay Staters will enjoy this fourth more than any since the war began for America's sons are on the offensive the world over.

With resorters taking on their summer activities at the shore and country, this week-end will find many of the holiday events planned with view toward the raising of added dollars to boost the bond campaign. Golf and tennis tournaments are planned, with bridges and socials, all scheduled to help celebrate the Fourth as well as put the bond drive over the top.

Holidaying at Kennelunk Beach are Mrs. Isabel Orr of Worcester, who has opened "Pine Grove" . . . Sarah Christie and Olive . . . of West Roxbury are at "Wild Rose."

At "The Pines" are Mr. and Mrs. William V. Burrell and daughter, Rosina, of Belmont, and Mrs. A. B. Farnham of Worcester. Mrs. Alice Taylor,

eral conference, the 4th will be observed with an address by Harold H. Burton, U. S. Senator from Ohio and moderator of the American Unitarian Ass'n. Justina Wade of Woburn is in charge of reservations.

Dr. Kirtley Mather and his family of Newton Center have taken the Hemenway cottage at Little Sunapee for the season . . . Mr. and Mrs. Russell Coolidge of the Riverway, Little Sunapee, will spend July at "Bonniecroft," Little Sunapee.

Phyllis Barr of Reading has returned from Stephens Junior College, Missouri, where she was a freshman last year, for a summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cameron Barr, at "Wildwood," Little Sunapee, and is serving as a nurse's aid at the New London Hospital.

Mary Elliott of Boston spent last week-end with Helen L. Stetson of Newton Center, at the latter's cottage, Little Sunapee . . . Mrs. Robert G. Childsey and her daughter, Marion, of Newton Center have opened "Hearthstone" at New London . . . Katherine English of Cambridge and the Windsor School is at "The Shack" . . . and Mrs. Antione de B. Lovett of Brookline is at the Edgewood.

CAPE COD FROM Wareham to the tip of Provincetown each season attracts thousands of Bay Staters who annually return to their favorite spot along this choice vacation coast.

Already opening their attractive cottage at So. Yarmouth are Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sheehy of Waltham, and their tiny daughter, 10 months old Marie. Guesting with them this long week-end are Mrs. Sheehy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Murphy and daughter, Julia, also of Waltham.

Returning to Falmouth Heights are the perennial visitors, Mrs. Charles Logue and her daughter, Mrs. Mary Bourke of Dedham. The latter's son, Lt. Fabian Bourke, USNR, and his bride spent their honeymoon here recently. Also at the Heights are Mrs. Joseph Doyle and her young son, Louis, of Chestnut Hill. Missing again this season is the latter's dad, who is a Captain serving with the Air Corps, somewhere in England.



SPENDING the summer in Woburn, N. H., is a prominent Massachusetts club woman, Mrs. Edwin Troland of Malden, newly-elected president of the State Federation of Women's Clubs.

accompanied by her son, William, of Worcester, are at "Sea Pines." Also here is Mrs. Frederick A. Jennings of Everett.

Indian Lodge is the choice of Mrs. Myron L. Whitcomb of Haverhill; and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hersey of Wellesley Hills . . . Mr. and Mrs. Francis S. Dane of Lexington is staying at "Forstebide, the Seventy-Niner."

From Chestnut Hill Mr. and Mrs. Joel Glassman, and daughters, Judy and Linda, at "Dunwicken," and Mr. and Mrs. Asa Boothby of Wakefield.

EARLY SUMMER ARRIVALS at Seaport on the Penobscot shore include Mr. and Mrs. Andrew MacGowan of Worcester, at "Pendleton Fair View"; Dr. and Mrs. Edward S. Calderwood of Roxbury, are at "Red Tree"; Mrs. Mary Bullock of Melrose Highlands, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Ames Williams of Chestnut Hill, at Hardscrabble Farm.

At "Westerly" are Dr. and Mrs. Arthur M. Jackson and daughters, Ellen, Martha and Sally of Winchester; and Mr. and Mrs. Harold W. Marshall of Newton Center.

MANY ARE THE celebrations planned by Jackson, announcing in the White Mountain State, with a huge clambake scheduled to take place on the Colby Junior College campus on Tuesday, with a dance following in the high school auditorium . . . all under the auspices of the local USO.

Over at Soo Nipi Lodge, where the Isles of Shoals Unitarian Ass'n is holding its gen-



MARY ELIZABETH FARRELL

### Engaged to Wed

MR. AND MRS. J. FRED FARRELL of Cambridge announce the engagement of their daughter, Mary Elizabeth, to Daniel L. Pomerleau, son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis T. Pomerleau of Buffalo, N. Y., and Miami, Fla. Miss Farrell is a graduate of Emmanuel College and her fiancé is an alumnus of Holy Cross and Harvard School of Business Administration.



LORRAINE UNSWORTH . . . daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Unsworth, of Dudley st., Roxbury, who has been promoted to guard in the Girl's Drill team of the United American Veterans, Sgt. John E. Breen, J.A.V. Post, Auxiliary. Mrs. Mildred E. Fuller is director and is seeking recruits. The team is now engaged in a campaign to aid the 5th Bond Drive.

### Vacationers Enjoy Maine Resorts

MASSACHUSETTS FOLK are among the early arrivals at many of Maine's summer resorts. At Cape Neddick, Mr. and Mrs. William Stoddard of Milton observed their 50th wedding anniversary.

Enjoying the first of the season at York Harbor are Mr. and Mrs. Walter Donald of Andover at "Red Gate" . . . Mr. and Mrs. W. Hubert Rogers, Brookline . . . May Verity, Boston . . . and Mrs. Harry M. Verrell, and daughter, Katherine, of Cambridge.

Others there are Mr. and Mrs. Alfred McIntyre of Louisburg sq., Boston; Mrs. Eben S. Doolittle and daughters, Alice and Lois of Boston; Mrs. Bradford J. Varrell of Amesbury, who will be joined on weekends by her daughter, Irene, a teacher in Brookline schools.

### Canning Project Aids War Effort

UNDER THE DIRECTION of Mrs. John H. Cunningham, the Chestnut Hill Community Canning Kitchen begins its third season of activity at the Brookline fire station.

Serving on the very efficient committee are Mrs. Henry K. Cushing, Mrs. Frank Sawtell, Mrs. Chandler Hovey, Mrs. Clement Houghton, Mrs. Henry Richardson, Mrs. Henry Prout and Mrs. Edwin Webster.

Also Mrs. William Jackson, Mrs. Charles Bowley, Mrs. William deF. Beal, Mrs. James Colt, Mrs. Henry Greenough, Mrs. Irving Wright and Mrs. Bryan Permar.

### Betrothal Tea for Evelyn A. Ryan

THE WELLSLEY INN was the scene of an engagement tea given by Alice M. Gaughan, of Roslindale in honor of the betrothal of her niece, Evelyn A. Ryan of Boston, to Cpl. John Thomas Haley, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Haley of New Rochelle, N. Y.

A graduate of Regis College, the bride-elect was recently a member of the faculty at Good Counsel College, White Plains. Cpl. Haley is serving with the Signal Corps in the Central Pacific. Among those attending were Mr. and Mrs. John T. Haley and Mrs. Gertrude Hamill of White Plains, N. Y.

### Proparvuls Elects New Officers

AT THE RECENT elections of the Proparvuls Club, Marion Fendergast was chosen president. Other officers include: Marion Deady, first vice-president; Kathryn Cusick, corresponding secretary, and Beatrice Cook, treasurer.

## Women in The Service

By EDNA M. CONLAN

Pvt. Mary E. Dorson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dorson of 189 1st, So. Boston, having completed her boot training at the Marine Base, has been assigned to the Air Corps Station at Cherry Point, No. Carolina.

The Good Conduct Medal has been awarded to T-Sgt. Claire J. Fourrier, daughter of Mrs. Alcide Fourrier, Main st., Sandwich. She is a telephone operator with the WAC in North Africa.

Edith F. Marean, daughter of Henry E. Marean of 57 Payson rd., Belmont, has been promoted to Pfc. She is an operator of a hi-speed radio at Allied Force Headquarters, Algiers.

Other Bay State girls receiving the promotion of PFC at Allied Force Headquarters, Algiers were Dorothy M. Creamer, daughter of Mrs. N. M. Creamer, 557 E. 7th st., So. Boston, who is a teletype operator for the Signal Corps, and Annie O'Neil, of 72 Elmwood rd., Dorchester, a clerk in the message center.

Ruth Brewer, USMCWR, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Brewer of 182 Main st., Hingham, has been promoted from Sgt. to S-Sgt. at the Marine Corps Air Station, Cherry Point, No. Carolina. She is a graduate of Milton Academy and Miss Child's School, Boston.

Undergoing basic training at the U. S. Marine Corps (W. R.), Camp Lejeune, No. Carolina, are Louise Fernald, and Thelma of Furubush of West Newton; Millicent Allard, Lowell; Marie Couture, Lynn; Mathile Curtis and Eileen Maury, Boston.

2 Lts. Dorothy H. Ackerly, Cambridge; Alice M. Bartkiewicz, Brockton; Helen Burns, Newton; Mildred Burton, Chelmsford; Elizabeth Clark, Boston; Ruth Bailey, Newton Center, were among the 76 New England nurses who were graduated from the First Service Command basic training center for Army nurses.

A graduate of the Cambridge Hospital School of Nursing, Ens. (N. C.), Justine Smith, daughter of Mrs. Arthur J. Smith of Waltham, is betrothed to Ens. William F. Hurtle, USNR, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Hurtle of Long Island, N. Y. Stationed at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Chelsea, Ens. Smith will soon leave for duty at Gulfport, Miss.



Be Beautiful AS THE STARS!

Normandie Theatre—Now Playing Joan Bennett in "Trade Winds"

### NASAL CORRECTIONS

Humped, long, crooked, fractured and all other nasal disturbances corrected permanently in about 10 minutes through the inside of the nose without scars. No perfor. or wax used.

NEW ROTATION FACE LIFT—Many years can be erased from your appearance in less than an hour by Dr. Bernstein's new method.

EYE REJUVENATION—Crow's feet, superfluous wrinkles around the eyes removed quickly through a non-surgical method.

Thick, protruding and unshapely lips corrected permanently.

See as well as women are treated by Dr. Bernstein, who is the specialist in this line. 9 A. M. to 8 P. M. Daily (and by appointment).

OUTSTANDING EARS corrected through a new technique to match your other features.

MASSIQUE—A liquid treatment for removal of a blemished poor complexion.

ACNE TREATMENT—New treatment with fine results.

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GARY COOPER in the title role and Laraine Day as one of the brave nurses in "The Story of Dr. Wassell," Cecil B. De Mille's production now at the Met.

JUNE HAVER and Lon McCallister in "Home in Indiana," screen hit at the Keith Memorial.



HAL CURRIER is getting an earful from Barbara Bell Wright in "3 is a Family," now starting its ninth week at the Colonial.



IRENE DUNNE — "White Cliffs of Dover" — State and Orpheum, Thursday.

## Sir Aubrey Smith Receives Knighthood From King

By LOUELLA O. PARSONS  
Morning Picture Editor International News Service

### HOLLYWOOD.

IN A TOWN with Hollywood's propensities for ribbing and often ridiculing its most prominent personages, it gives some indication of the way in which Sir Aubrey Smith stands in our community when the whole town rejoiced over the honor just given him. At the age of 80 he has been knighted by King George, and because he is genuine Old English and a gentleman it gave him great happiness.

To be given an investiture by the King is the ambition of every Englishman. This time it is an accolade for meritorious service rendered the crown, but because he is not in England his knighthood will be bestowed on him by the British consul, Eric Clough. In 1938, when his Majesty placed the collar around Sir Aubrey's neck, it was a C.B.E., meaning the Commander of the British Empire.

I visited Sir Aubrey in his home atop Coldwater Canyon, commanding a beautiful view of the sea and mountains, to congratulate him on this new honor. At my request, he showed me the collar bestowed on him in 1938. It is a large, handsome blue and gold cross on a ribbon, a decorative and beautiful ornament.

Sir Aubrey received us in one of his famous blazers, wise and dark blue with matching tie. His penchant for blazers is a hangover from his champion cricket days in England, when as a student of Cambridge he won a brilliant reputation as a cricketer.

Although past cricket age, you never think of Sir Aubrey as an old man. He has such enthusiasm and such interest in the stage, the screen, his family, his home and his friends.

OVER our sherry and biscuits, Mrs. Smith told of her daughter and granddaughter, whom they have never seen. The baby was born since the war and she and her 8-year-old brother are the apple of their famous grandfather's eye.

The house is of rambling white stone, and in Sir Aubrey's study are many mementoes of the days when he was on the stage. One of his most prized

possessions is a fine etching of George Bernard Shaw, by Walter Tittle. Underneath is inscribed in G. B.'s handwriting, and in Shaw's characteristic style: "I declaim the nose, which is pudgy. Mine isn't. I confess to the rest. (Signed) Bernard Shaw."

To have obtained an autograph of Shaw is an achievement, for he is never gracious about autographing books, photographs or anything else. When I mentioned the wisdom of the old racial, Sir Aubrey came to his rescue:

"He has made it a business to be rude, but I must say I never saw him in any but a gracious mood. I was playing in a one-hour play, 'Instinct,' said Sir Aubrey, "on the same bill with a Barrie play. At another theater one of Shaw's plays and one of Pinero's were playing. Shaw wrote: The only decent plays in London are 'Instinct' and the Barrie play. Why not combine them and run them at all theaters?"

Second photographs and other interesting mementoes in his den give an idea of the interesting history of "The Old Boy," he was affectionately called on the set of "White Cliffs of Dover" when he was making the picture.

SINCE he started his professional life in 1892, he has appeared with practically every important stage and screen star. He was with Forbes Robertson in the revival of "The Light That Failed," with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," with Ethel Barrymore in "The Constant Wife," and with all of our glamour movie stars.

He says he is no longer under contract to M-G-M. "I like working there," he said, "but have decided to free

Continued on Page 12

SYMPHONY HALL—CON. 1492  
EVERY NIGHT EXCEPT SUNDAY  
**POPS**  
ARTHUR FIEDLER, Conductor  
MON., JULY 3—Navy Night  
TUES., JULY 4—Army Night  
Tickets 35, 60, \$1.00, \$1.50—Tax Inc.

SEE HERE,  
PRIVATE HARGROVE  
TUESDAY NIGHT  
DONNA REED KEENAN WYNN  
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SEE HERE,  
PRIVATE HARGROVE  
TUESDAY NIGHT  
DONNA REED KEENAN WYNN

## At The Pops

The Pops Concerts at Symphony Hall under the direction of Arthur Fiedler are nearing the end of their fifty-ninth season. There will be concerts every night except Sunday.

Tomorrow is Navy Night, with Lt. Freeman and Saman 2c Arthur Fiedler conducting. Arthur Whittemore and Jack Lowe will be the guest duopians.

The Fourth of July brings Army Night, with PFC Malcolm Holmes and Warrant Officer Thor Johnson conducting as guests. Wednesday will be Old-timers' Night, Carlos Pinfeld conducting, and Friday, Roland Tapley will conduct. On Saturday, Peter Dodge, who has made more than one popular orchestra the second part of the program.

Tomorrow night's program will be:  
Lt. Warren B. Freeman, USNR, conducting  
Assorted Welsh songs  
Overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor"  
The Lost Chord  
Solo Trumpet  
Selections from "The 36 Chambers"  
Benjamin Franklin  
The Star Spangled Banner  
Arthur Whittemore and Jack Lowe, duopians

Concerto Pathetic  
Victor Herbert Favorites  
Holidays for Strings  
American Patrol

### On the Exeter Screen

"See Here, Private Hargrove," that hilarious story of rookies in World War II is today's top hit at the Exeter, Robert Walker and Keenan Wynn have star roles.

The companion picture is "Tunisian Victory."

**GLOBE** 4th BIG WEEK  
ADULTS ONLY  
A MONSTER in gay disguise bring youth to withering thrills  
DON'T MISS  
**ASSASSIN of YOUTH**  
SOWS THE SEEDS OF PASSION AND REAPS A HARVEST OF MADNESS  
M-G-M's Great Technicolor Musical  
The biggest show on water!

## Miss Haydon Cambridge Star

Julie Haydon will be the guest star at the Cambridge Summer Theater starting tomorrow evening in that psychological thriller, "Guest in the House," by Dale Eunson and Hager Wilde.

The play is based on a story by Katherine Albert, whose 9-year-old daughter, Joan, will make her stage debut tomorrow evening. The play deals with affairs in what is a normal household until an apparently charming guest completely disrupts the domestic serenity.

Members of the resident company will appear in support of Miss Haydon, and the production will be staged by Robert E. Perry.

### 'Assassin of Youth'

Now starting its fourth week at the Globe Theater is a sensational picture "Assassin of Youth," which exposes the traffic in marijuana, continues to draw capacity audiences. The picture is a quick-moving narrative of underworld methods to sell the poison and the dangerous effects it has on the young. The story was taken from reports made by narcotic squads operating in all parts of the country. It is an unforgettable message for both old and young. The companion picture is "Play Foot," a Hal Roach comedy.

## 'Bernadette'

"The Song of Bernadette," with five prize-winning awards on the credit side, continues to attract capacity audiences at the Majestic.

This is the film adapted from Franz Werfel's famous novel, in which Jennifer Jones, a newcomer, rose to stardom in Hollywood. The tender story of the simple little peasant girl who was elevated to sainthood, has proved one of the most moving stories the films have given us—this is its ninth week at the majestic.

### 'Andy Hardy' at Modern

"Andy Hardy's Blonde Trouble," the latest series of misadventures in the life of the screen's popular Hardy family, starring Mickey Rooney and Lewis Stone with Fay Holden, Herbert Marshall and Bonita Granville, is at the Modern Theater today.

The co-feature stars Edward G. Robinson, Lynn Bari and Victor McLaglen in "Tampico," a story of America's fighting merchant marine.

The Cool COLONIAL  
JOHN GOLDEN'S Laugh Spree!  
**3 IS A FAMILY**  
458 LAUGHS—COUNT 'EM  
MATINEE TUESDAY JULY 4  
MATINEES TUES. and SAT. 75c, \$1, \$1.50  
NIGHTS—BARGAIN BALCONY, \$1, \$1.50  
NIGHTS—2nd Balcony 75c; Orchestra \$2—All Plus Tax

CAMBRIDGE SUMMER THEATRE  
BRATTLE HALL, TRO. 1485  
One Week Only—One Time Only, July 3rd  
★ JULIE HAYDON  
STARRING IN THE PSYCHOLOGICAL THRILLER  
"GUEST IN THE HOUSE"  
Presents: 7:30, 9:30, 11:30  
SUNDAY AFTERNOON PICTORIAL REVIEW  
Page 10—EXETER, SUNDAY, JULY 2, 1944

M-G-M's Great Technicolor Musical  
The biggest show on water!  
**Bathing Beauty**  
COMING SOON!











# RADIO LOG

| WEEL<br>590 KC             | WBZ<br>1030 KC       | WNAC<br>1260 KC | WHDH<br>850 KC   | WHEK<br>1510 KC |
|----------------------------|----------------------|-----------------|------------------|-----------------|
| 10:00 Church of Bible Talk | Bible Class          | Israel Drama    | Mora's Tunes     | Modera Music    |
| 10:15 The Air              | Bible Class          | Israel Drama    | Modera Music     | Modera Music    |
| 10:30 Over Jordan          | Words Music          | Weather Rep     | Parish Church    | Modera Music    |
| 10:45 Over Jordan          | Words Music          | Symphonette     | Parish Church    | Modera Music    |
| 10:50 WCOP Italian Hour    |                      | 10:30 WORL      | Polish Program   |                 |
| 11:00 News                 | Choir "Rockies"      | Church St. Pat  | Parish Church    | Christian Sel.  |
| 11:15 Blue Jacket          | Rhapsody             | Church St. Pat  | Parish Church    | Christian Sel.  |
| 11:30 "Laura's" Inv.       | Labour Speaks        | Church St. Pat  | Parish Church    | Christian Sel.  |
| 11:45 "Laura's" Inv.       | Betsy Ross           | Church St. Pat  | Parish Church    | Christian Sel.  |
| 11:50 WCOP                 | Frederick Kabtzen    | 11:00 WORL      | News and Music   |                 |
| NOON News                  | News                 | Rev'ing St. Pat | Italian Music    | News            |
| 12:15 News Analyst         | Treas. Show          | Rev'ing St. Pat | News             | Spotlight       |
| 12:30 People to Plo        | Stradivari           | Catholic Truth  | Matinee Music    | La Rosa Music   |
| 12:45 People to Plo        | Stradivari           | Catholic Truth  | Matinee Music    | La Rosa Music   |
| 12:50 WCOP                 | Frederick            | 12:00 WORL      | News             | 920 Club        |
| 1:00 10a Beacon St         | News                 | News            | Comedy Trials    |                 |
| 1:15 News                  | Variety Prog         | Herb Lewis      | "Magic Carpet"   | Italian Tunes   |
| 1:30 From London           | Round Table          | Baseball Game   | Song Ca'cade     | Joseph Tall     |
| 1:45 Talk                  | Round Table          | Baseball Game   | Song Ca'cade     | Joseph Tall     |
| 1:50 WCOP                  | Polish Program       | 1:00 WORL       | News             | 920 Club        |
| 2:00 Dangerously           | Treasury             | Baseball Game   | Song Ca'cade     | Waltz Music     |
| 2:15 Yours                 | Star Parade          | Baseball Game   | Song Ca'cade     | Waltz Music     |
| 2:30 World News            | J. C. Thomas         | Baseball Game   | Sammy Kaye       | Christian Sci.  |
| 2:45 World News            | J. C. Thomas         | Baseball Game   | Sammy Kaye       | Christian Sci.  |
| 2:50 WCOP                  | Hellenic Dava        | 2:30 WORL       | Parade of Hits   |                 |
| 3:00 N.Y. Sympy            | World Parade         | Baseball Game   | Life of Riley    | Swedish Tunes   |
| 3:15 N.Y. Sympy            | World Parade         | Baseball Game   | Life of Riley    | Swedish Tunes   |
| 3:30 N.Y. Sympy            | Army Hour            | Baseball Game   | Blue Shades      | St. Anthony Jr. |
| 3:45 N.Y. Sympy            | Army Hour            | Baseball Game   | Blue Shades      | St. Anthony Jr. |
| 3:50 WCOP                  | Pleasant Hill Church | 3:00 WORL       | News             | 920 Club        |
| 4:00 N.Y. Sympy            | Army Hour            | Lutheran Hour   | Poll of Hits     | Treasury        |
| 4:15 N.Y. Sympy            | Army Hour            | Lutheran Hour   | Poll of Hits     | Variety         |
| 4:30 Percy Faith           | Land of              | Thanks to       | World of Song    | Light Operas    |
| 4:45 Percy Faith           | Land of              | Thanks to       | World of Song    | Light Operas    |
| 4:50 WCOP                  | Rescue Mission       | 4:00 WORL       | News             | 920 Club        |
| 5:00 Family Hour           | NBC Sympy            | Green Valley    | Mary Small       | Dance Session   |
| 5:15 Family Hour           | NBC Sympy            | Green Valley    | Mary Small       | Dance Session   |
| 5:30 Family Hour           | NBC Sympy            | Green Valley    | Mary Small       | Dance Session   |
| 5:45 Wm. Shirer            | NBC Sympy            | Green Valley    | Mary Small       | Dance Session   |
| 5:50 WCOP                  | Mormon Service       | 5:00 WORL       | Scout Guard Show |                 |
| 6:00 Silver Thea.          | Catholic Hour        | Roosty AAF      | Hall of Fame     | Tremont Typo    |
| 6:15 Silver Thea.          | Catholic Hour        | Roosty AAF      | Hall of Fame     | Tremont Typo    |
| 6:30 Air America's         | Gilderslove          | Upton Close     | Hall of Fame     | Ave Maria       |
| 6:45 Air America's         | Gilderslove          | Upton Close     | Hall of Fame     | Ave Maria       |
| 6:50 WCOP                  | American Legion      | 6:00 WORL       | News             | 920 Club        |
| 7:00 News                  | All Time Hit         | Revival Hour    | Drew Pearson     | Revival Hour    |
| 7:15 News                  | All Time Hit         | Revival Hour    | Drew Pearson     | Revival Hour    |
| 7:30 Eddie Garr            | Bandwagon            | Revival Hour    | Quiz Kids        | Revival Hour    |
| 7:45 Eddie Garr            | Bandwagon            | Revival Hour    | Quiz Kids        | Revival Hour    |
| 7:50 WCOP                  | Par Street Church    | 7:00 WORL       | News             | 920 Club        |
| 8:00 W. Fidgeon            | Gracie Fields        | Mediation Bld.  | Village Choir    | Church Service  |
| 8:15 W. Fidgeon            | Gracie Fields        | Mediation Bld.  | Village Choir    | Church Service  |
| 8:30 Crime Doctor          | One Man's            | Mediation Bld.  | Deadlines        | Church Service  |
| 8:45 Crime Doctor          | One Man's            | Mediation Bld.  | Deadlines        | Church Service  |
| 8:50 WCOP                  | Beyond Victory       |                 |                  |                 |
| 9:00 Readers D'gust        | Merry-Go-R'd         | Walter          | Good Tidings     |                 |
| 9:15 Readers D'gust        | Merry-Go-R'd         | Walter          | Good Tidings     |                 |
| 9:30 Sjas. Melton          | Familiar Music       | Music Quiz      | Good Tidings     |                 |
| 9:45 Sjas. Melton          | Familiar Music       | Music Quiz      | Good Tidings     |                 |
| 9:50 WCOP                  | 50peta Theatre       |                 |                  |                 |
| 10:00 Phil Baker           | Mr. of Charm         | Codie Foster    | Music Review     | News            |
| 10:15 Phil Baker           | Mr. of Charm         | Codie Foster    | Music Review     | News            |
| 10:30 Sjas. Melton         | Bob Crosby           | Good Will       | Irish Tunes      |                 |
| 10:45 People               | Bob Crosby           | Good Will       | Irish Tunes      |                 |
|                            |                      |                 |                  |                 |
| 11:00 News                 | W'her News           | W'her News      | News             | Dance Session   |
| 11:15 Jim Music            | Headlines            | Revival Hour    | In the Orient    | Dance Session   |
| 11:30 Jim Music            | Headlines            | Revival Hour    | In the Orient    | Dance Session   |
| 11:45 Jim Music            | Headlines            | Revival Hour    | In the Orient    | Dance Session   |
| MID. News                  | Music                | News            | Conc.            | Revival Hour    |
|                            | Variety              | Comedy          | Music            | Drama           |

**Free Movies**  
Thursday, July 6, will be free movie day for war bond purchasers at all M. & P. theaters. The purchaser of a bond at that date will receive free admission.

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Ilene Woods  
Bob Johnston  
and Guest Stars  
**WHDH** ★ 6 to 7 P. M. TODAY



Date-bait for home-coming heroes! Junior Miss Pattern 9228 teams up two pet fashions... eye-catching portrait necklines and dirdl skirt.  
Pattern 9228 comes in Junior Miss and Misses' sizes, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18. Size 13 requires 2 1/2 yds. 25-in. Bows optional.  
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**TONIGHT!**  
**HEAR "COMMANDO" KELLY**  
ON  
**"WE, THE PEOPLE"**  
Sergeant Charles E. (Commando) Kelly—the only G.I. in this war to wear the Congressional Medal and the Silver Star and whose exclusive story starts this week in the new  
**SATURDAY EVENING POST**  
appears in person on GULF ON's "We, the People."  
**10:30 P. M.**  
**STATION WEEL**

**TONIGHT AT THE NEW TIME**  
**10:30 WEEL**  
**"We, the People"**  
PRESENTS  
**BING CROSBY**  
**COMMANDO KELLY**  
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**JAMES MELTON**  
FOUR STAR TENOR  
★ OPERA ★ RADIO ★ STAGE ★ SCREEN  
**WEEL**  
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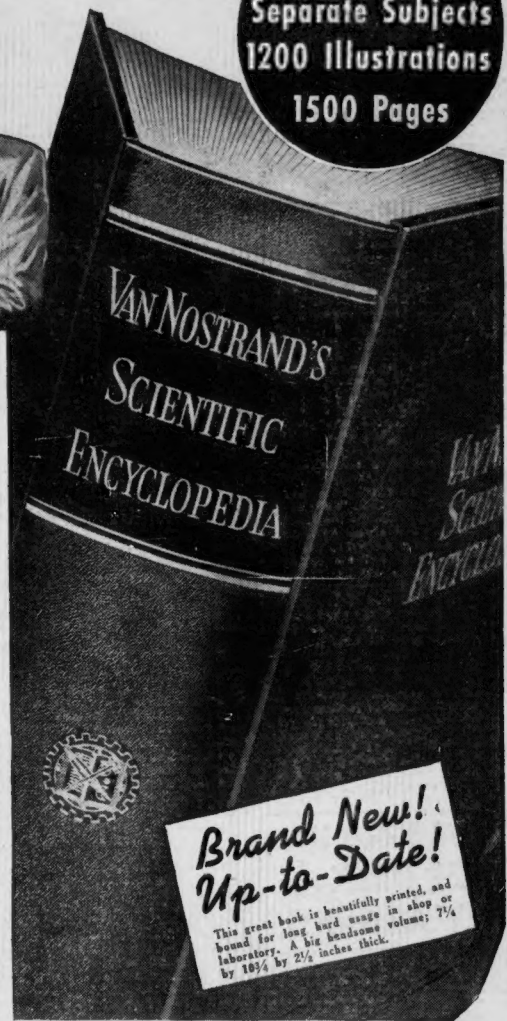
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